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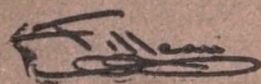
# LONG DRAWS

*A Short Story of to Day*

*by W. M. Preston.*



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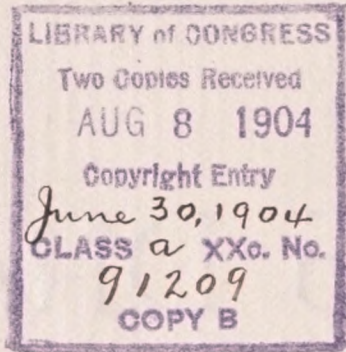
*A Short Story of the Day.*

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BY  
W. M. PRESTON.



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DEDICATION.

TO MY LITTLE GERMAN FRIEND,  
PATSY FERRITER, OF MILWAUKEE, WISCONSIN,  
THIS BOOK IS AFFECTIONATELY  
DEDICATED  
BY THE AUTHOR, W. M. PRESTON.







## PREFACE.

*To my many million Readers:*

No doubt many will say that this work is very coarse. I agree with everyone that it is. If I did not think it would be condemned, I would not write this preface. I know it has no merit. Then why do I write it? Simply to amuse myself; not for fame or glory, as I have enough of each to satisfy anyone; not for money, as I have plenty of that—if need be, I could draw on some of my four millions. Then why? I again repeat—simply for my own amusement; nothing more.

Respectfully,

*W. M. Preston.*



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# LONG DRAWS.

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## CARD 1.

*"Mr. Dudley Rum Dum,*

*"No. — 47th St., New York City, N. Y.:*

*"Wire me a Grand Century and come to Chicago on first train. Have one dead immortal skinch; starts Saturday. Don't fail to come, yourself.*

*J. Arthur Doughnut,*

*"Richelieu Hotel, Chicago, Ills."*

Another one of J. Arthur's good things. I wondered if he would ever get one that would go through, and here was another, and he desired a thousand dollars as a preamble. I supposed he would wish about five thousand more. I also judged that he had formed the acquaintance of some Western turfman and had some race bottled up.

What should I do? Should I go, or not? Yes, I would go; but if this scheme fell through, I would never, no never, have anything to do with any more of his good things.



J. Arthur was the best friend whom I ever possessed on earth. We were both bachelors. J. Arthur was twenty-eight, whilst I was twenty-nine—just one year's difference between our ages. J. Arthur's family was one of the oldest and best known in New York city; members of the Four Hundred Club who could trace their genealogy back to the eighth century. And they were as proud as Lucifer, although, as far as money matters were concerned, they had a very moderate income. There were four girls in J. Arthur's family, all of them beautiful. He was the only boy.

I had very nice bachelor apartments and J. Arthur had lived with me for the past nine years, or, in fact, ever since my father had died, some nine years ago. My father had been one of the merchant princes of New York for over thirty years. Many old New Yorkers will doubtless recollect the great firm of Rum Dum & Van Riper that was situated on lower Broadway in the early days. My mother died when I was very young, and I was the only child. My father retired from business after having accumulated a gigantic fortune, which he entrusted to his best friend, Mr. Rufus Onion, the great financier, to be turned over to me when I arrived at the age of thirty.

I had never made any inquiry as to the amount of money my father had left, as I had never had any occasion to do so. Mr. Onion had always



honored all of my drafts, no matter how large. Only last year, I had drawn on him for over seventy-five thousand dollars. Most all of the money went to back up some of J. Arthur's wild-cat schemes. He had gotten me to buy March cotton when everything looked so rosy the way he pictured it that I did not see how it could possibly go down. But *down* it did go, and I was kept so busy putting up margins that I finally had to drop cotton, and as soon as I dropped it, *up* it soared, and then J. Arthur was there with his "I told you so."

At another time he had induced me to buy Wabash Preferred, and after I had bought, *down* it tumbled in jumps and bounds.

At another time he induced me to sell wheat. It was the year that the great Northwest had the largest wheat crop it had ever been known to have; and everything had looked so favorable for a big slump. Well, as I said, I sold; when up jumped wheat through the machinations of some big Chicago speculators, who cornered the market, and I sloughed off a big chunk on wheat.

In fact, I had backed J. Arthur in about thirty or forty schemes to make money, but we had never been successful in a one of them. Still, I had confidence in him. I would wire him the money he asked for and would also go to Chicago myself. I had never been there, although Arthur



had been there a number of times on short visits. As I have said, we were constant companions. He had been away from me for over three weeks—the longest time we had ever been separated from each other for nine or ten years.

Yes, I would go. Let me see. . . This was Monday. I would make arrangements to leave New York Wednesday a. m. That would put me in Chicago Thursday eve. His coup was to come off Saturday. I rang for a messenger and wired him I would be in Chicago in person Thursday afternoon; to meet me at the Lake Shore Depot at 2:30 p. m. Yes, I would take the Chicago and Boston Special the next day. I made all arrangements to leave New York. I called on Mr. Onion and had a long talk with him. It was the first confidential talk we had ever had. He told me that when my father died, he had left me \$800,000; had made him sole executor, with full power to invest the money as he saw fit. He also told me that once upon a time my father had loaned him a vast sum of money to tide him over a financial difficulty, which, if my father had not done so, the world would probably never have heard of one of its greatest financiers; for had he failed, it would have broken both of them. But he did not fail. And to-day Mr. Onion is quoted at between forty and fifty millions of dollars. He told me I would come into my inheritance



some time next year, and that he had always invested my money in gilt-edged securities until now he had over four millions to my credit, all invested so securely that, no matter what happened, I could never possibly know the meaning of the word "want." I was thunder-struck; I had never dreamed that I was possessed of so much money. I thanked him with tears in my eyes. I was so overcome that I could scarcely speak. I drew ten thousand in ready money, and also received letters of credit for fifty thousand more, telling Mr. Onion that I had no idea that I would need so much money, but would take it in case I might need it. I also made arrangements to get what money I might want to use. I told Mr. Onion that I was going to Chicago on a visit. He offered to give me personal letters of introduction to some of his influential friends, but I steadfastly refused. I told him that I preferred to travel incog, as I could have a much better time if I were known as a man of moderate means than I could were I known as a wealthy man. He smiled and remarked, "Suit yourself." He gave me good some advice, after which I took my leave.

The next morning I was on a New York Central and Hudson River Railway train, bound for Breezeville. I would have much preferred the Pennsylvania Central R. R., but I could not



make up my mind to cross the river to Jersey City. I have one peculiarity, and that is a horror of water. In tracing up my pedigree, I had found out that one of my ancestors on my mother's side had been drowned during the reign of Charlemagne, in the eighth century; and I had often dreamed that I was drowning, and therefore I had as much horror of water as the proverbial tramp. I had never been on the water in my life. J. Arthur had often urged a trip to Europe, but I had always balked. He had often pictured the swell times we could have in London and Paris, but no; I would not have any trip where water had to be crossed. Several years before, I had made the acquaintance of a Mr. Yamagati, a Japanese gentleman of culture, and I found him one of the most interesting and entertaining gentlemen I had ever met. He had often urged me to take a trip to Japan with him, but I never would consent. No; no trip across the mighty for me.

Well, at last I was off. My trip was uneventful the first day—about the same as all trips must be. There was no one in the sleeper with whom I cared to converse. I was awakened for breakfast at a place called Clyde, Ohio, and after having partaken of breakfast in one of the company's palatial dining-cars, we stopped for a few minutes at Toledo, Ohio, and I got out to stretch, and



walked up and down the platform, never allowing myself to get very far away from the sleeper. The conductor yelled, "All aboard!" I started to catch the hand-rail, when I noticed a young lady running for the sleeper. The train was already under headway when she made a grab for the hand-rail, but, instead of swinging up on the platform, she swung directly across the rails, but she still retained her hold on the hand-rail. In less time than it takes to tell, I had grabbed her, shoved her up on the platform, and was up behind her. She was very much excited, but did not seem to realize what a narrow escape she had had. Several of the sleeping-car attendants, who had noticed the occurrence, at once came to her assistance and took charge of her. I stalked into the smoking-compartment and lit a cigar. After I had finished my cigar, the sleeping-car conductor came up to me and stated that the young lady wished to speak to me. Of course I knew what that meant—three or four hours of surplus thanks and all of that. Well, I could not very well refuse to see her, so I made up my mind to get away as soon as I could. The conductor proved to be quite a gentleman; presented me very gracefully and retired. The young lady thanked me very warmly. She told me her home was in Chicago, but that she had been visiting some relatives in Toledo and had telegraphed



her folks to meet the train on its arrival, and that was the reason she had been so anxious to catch this particular train. She gave me a dainty card, which read "Miss Violet Ethridge, No. — Delaware Place, Chicago, Ill." She was a dainty little piece of femininity; weight about one hundred and ten pounds; lovely blonde hair; beautiful complexion; hands like a baby's, and a foot that, from what I saw of it, I would willingly swear was not encased by much over 1s—certainly by not more than 1½s. I promised to call and see her as soon as convenient. I told her that I was interested in race-horses and that I had never been in Chicago before, but that I had a friend there who was looking after my interests, and that I expected him to meet me at the train.

She asked me the name of my stable, and I told her the "Harlem." That was the first name that came into my head. I told her my colors were dark blue. She told me that one of her brothers was a broker and that he operated on the Board of Trade. I bade her adieu and strolled back into the day-coach. I say "back," because that particular road carries the day-coaches at the rear of the sleepers instead of in front, as they are on most trains. When traveling, I always like to sit in the day-coaches and study human nature. In the sleepers there is not



much to study, but in the day-coaches I can always find something to interest me. The train was just pulling out of South Bend, Ind., when who comes rushing through the train but J. Arthur Doughnut? He spied me, and for the next two or three minutes he was shaking my hand and patting me on the back. I asked him to come up in the sleeper, but he preferred to sit in the day-coach. He asked me a hundred questions all at once; how everyone was in the city, and one would have imagined he had been away from there three years instead of three weeks. Said he thought he would come down the Pike a ways and meet the Rattler.

There was one thing which I had forgotten to mention about J. Arthur—he was an inveterate user of slang and understood it. In fact, I had often caught myself using it. Whenever I had spoken to J. Arthur regarding it, he had this excuse: “Everyone uses slang nowadays, from the banker to the school-girl; they may not all use the same slang, but they all use slang nevertheless; so what’s the use being a piker?”

Well, we sat down behind three farmers and they were talking. One of them had a handkerchief around his neck. One of his friends noticed and remarked: “What’s the matter, Bill? got a cold?” “Think I have,” said Bill; “my utensils are so badly swollen I can hardly speak.”



J. Arthur gave me a poke in the ribs and remarked: "Get next his 'utensils'?" Bill then asked his friend what had become of Dave Madison. "Oh," said his friend, "Dave kind of skinned everyone around the deestrick and then left." "Well," said Bill, "I always allowed there was some fraudery about that fellow." Said he had heard the police were after him; also heard that he was living in another State under a "consumed" name. J. Arthur nearly fell off the seat, but the conversation never flagged an instant. One of Bill's friends said to him: "I heard you found ile on your place." "So we did," says Bill. "Well, tell us about it; how did you discover it?" "Well," says Bill, "my boy Steve discovered it on the crick; started to light his pipe and threw the match on the crick. The crick caught fire and came near burning the whole State up, but we finally got it put out." "Well," said his friend, "you ought to of got quite a lot of money out of your oil well." Said Bill, "Guess I would if some of them Eastern fellers hadn't come along." "Why, what did they have to do with it?" "Oh, nothing," said Bill, "only them Eastern chaps formed a synagogue and us small fellers had to take just what they offered us, or else get nothing."

"V-a-l-p-a-r-a-i-s-o," sang out the brakeman, and the three farmers all piled out. Both J. Ar-



thur and I had been laughing our heads off. "Well," said J. Arthur, "I have heard the English language butchered before, but that Rube beat it to a pulp." I told J. Arthur about my adventure leaving Toledo, when all at once he expressed a desire to go forward, as he said, to look after my luggage. Of course, we had to pass Miss Ethridge, and of course she stopped me, and it was only natural that I should introduce J. Arthur to Miss Ethridge. She repeated her request to call on her, and also extended the invitation to J. Arthur, which we both accepted, and, lifting our hats, we both passed on. "Well," said J. Arthur, "if she ain't a wax doll, I never saw one; a peacherine; did you make her mitts—the smallest I ever saw on a Broad; will we go out and see her? No, someone in Kokomo will go out and see her. Has she got any sisters?" I told him I did not know, but I guessed before we left Chicago we could find out. J. Arthur gave me one look and snorted out, "You big bunch of shaved ice, don't you ever thaw out in regards to women?" "No, Arthur," said I; "I have never yet seen the woman that I would walk across the street for." "Well, old pal, it is different over here; the dear little footlights, I love them all." And I guess he did.

Well, the check-man came through and Arthur ordered a cab and turned over the brasses



for my luggage and we got off the train at the Van Buren Street Depot. It was a lovely afternoon in September, and after we had reached the street, I asked J. Arthur how far it was from the depot over to the Richelieu, and when he told me it was seven or eight blocks, I told him that I would prefer to walk, so we dispensed with the cab and started to walk. We walked by the Board of Trade and J. Arthur pointed it out to me. We dropped into the Grand Pacific Hotel and ordered a quart of wine. J. Arthur was very fond of the grape.

After we had finished the first bottle and had started in on the second, J. Arthur cut loose: "Well, old pal, I suppose that wire of mine surprised you."

I nodded.

"Well, I have given you many a bum steer in my life and I've fluttered around a heap until I finally lit, but I finally landed and I intend to play us both even on one grand stab. It was the luckiest thing on earth that I stumbled onto this. Well, the Hawthorne Race Meeting opened Monday, and last Thursday, a week ago, I got out on a wee bit of a toot. I started about two o'clock in the afternoon. I bumped into Benny Haines and Tommy Vance, and as I had not seen either one of them for over a year, we started in to make merry. We had several bots at the



Richelieu; then went up to the Leland and had several more, and from there it was only a step over to the Auditorium. Well, to make a long storyshort, we never missed any of the good ones. Along about 6:30 Benny went over and got seats at the Grand, and we all agreed to go and see Francis Wilson in 'Erminie.' Luckily, he got a box, for I dozed all through the performance—did not see a thing, I pledge you my word. After the show, we all went down to Da Casta's and had several sours, and then, some way or another, we got separated and I found myself in front of the Brevoort, or, rather, Bathhouse John's Turkish bath parlors. Happy thought, I would go down stairs and boil out. I managed to stagger down the steps. I expected to find the place crowded, but, luckily for me, there were only four or five people there. I had often heard of Coughlin's and had always heard that it was always crowded with jockeys and trainers, but, as I stated, on this particular occasion, there were only four or five people there. I placed my valuables in the safe, disrobed, and landed in the hot room. Well, I went through the regulation and was placed on a cot alongside of a tall gentleman with a black moustache. I tried to go to sleep, but no sleep—rolled and tossed for five or ten minutes and finally called the attendant. Could he send out and get me a pint



of boozeoriam. No sooner had I spoken than my neighbor with the pirate moustache exclaimed, 'It is impossible to get any good booze at this time of night,' and that if I would accept, he had a quart of rye and he would consider it an honor, and so forth. Well, I was very much athirst and of course I accepted; then I accepted again; also again; commenced to feel like J. Arthur of old. My friend introduced himself—told me his name was C. Chauncey Chestnut; that he was a trainer of gallopers, and that he had a small but select string out at Hawthorne. He also told me that he had been training the Sunshine Stable of twenty-four horses, but that he had left. He said that he had owned an interest in aforesaid stable and that he had taken a lot of pains to get a certain horse up to a race; that he had gotten it in a soft spot and got thirty to one against it, and that the owner of the stable had promised to put a swell commission on it, but when everything was ready he had only bet a paltry twenty dollars, whereas he had expected him to bet at least one thousand. He said it made him so mad that they dissolved right then and there. He stated that he himself owned five horses: one stake horse, two platers and two maidens; that he had one maiden that had never faced the starter that could pick up one hundred and twelve pounds and turn the



Hawthorne three-fourths in thirteen and a half, and that they were getting the money in seventeen, and that there was not a horse in training at Hawthorne outside of his own that could do the trick in less than fifteen.

"We got very chumray; when we got up in the a. m. we both had a swell lunch of hot coppers, and after stowing a couple of geysers under our belts, I invited him over to the Richelieu to breakfast. Well, there wasn't anything to it after that—he invited me out to see his horse. He had him in a private barn over on the West Side, separated from the rest of his string. He sent for his stable-boy and the boy took him out to the old Garfield track while we took a cable car. We got there ahead of the boy and dropped into one of the booze emporiums outside of the track and cut into a couple of quarts of the product of France. Then we walked over to the track. He told me the name of his horse was 'Someday,' and that if it was necessary it could eat mud, but that he preferred a fast track. The boy was there with the horse and he was a beaut—a sorrel; I should judge about fifteen and a half hands high; he put me very much in mind of French Park. You know I saw French Park and Fides in a dead heat and that was the nearest French Park ever came to losing a race, and I was always struck on French Park. He



asked me if I could time a horse, and I told him 'No.' He told me anyone could time a horse with a split-second watch, and with that remark he handed me his elegant split-second watch and requested mine for a few minutes. He explained how it worked. I took it and looked as wise as a tree full of owls. He told the boy to gallop the horse around the track a couple of times and warm him up; then when he waved his handkerchief, to cut loose at the half-mile post and let him go as fast as he could. Well, the kid did as he was told; I stood with the watch in my hand. I made up my mind that I would not tip myself off, no matter what happened. We both stood with watches in our hands; he with mine, I with his; and C. Chauncey dropped the rag. Talk about running—I have seen horses go, but I think that horse ran faster than I ever saw a horse run before in all my life. Maybe it was because I was excited. Up to one hundred yards of us he hardly seemed to move, but as he flashed by us he seemed to be going at the rate of one hundred miles per minute. Chauncey snapped the watch with a self-satisfied smile and the remark: 'Forty-seven and a half; I guess that will about do, and that boy weighed one hundred and eighteen pounds.' Then turning to me, he said, 'What did you catch him in?' 'Forty-seven,' says I, bound not to tip



myself off. 'Well,' says he, 'maybe it was forty-seven. But I tell you he is a world-beater.' Then he called the boy over, pulled out a big roll of bills, skinned off a twenty and handed it to the kid; told him to walk the horse around slowly until he cooled off, then take him back to the barn. On the way back we cut into a couple of more quarts. Then he told me that as far as money was concerned, he had none with which to play his horse; that he could get him in a maiden race Saturday, and that if I liked, I could play his horse. He told me it would take some little money outside of what was bet; he told me he had an under-trainer named Crabb, and that in order to keep his mouth shut, he would have to hand him \$750 at least; that would keep him from tipping off the good thing to the book-makers and also any of his friends; that he would engage Charley Thorpe to ride for him in this particular race, and that he would have to hand Charles \$250, so that all together it would take \$1,000 before the horse went out to the post, but that would not amount to anything, as we would get anywhere from 30 to 50 to 1 for our money. I told him that I would accept his offer, and that is the reason that I wired you to come on."

Well, we walked over to the Richelieu and J. Arthur introduced me to Cardinal Bemis, a very



genial gentleman. We sat down and had dinner. The service was perfect. While we were eating, Mr. C. Chauncey Chestnut dropped in, and of course I was introduced. Mr. Bemis ordered some wine and I wish to state that the wine was on a par with the cuisine—both excellent. We had several more bots and then went to J. Arthur's suite of rooms. After some commonplace talk, I handed J. Arthur \$1,000 and remarked to Mr. Chestnut that J. Arthur had explained all to me, and that whatever arrangements he made would be satisfactory to me. J. Arthur immediately turned the money over to Mr. Chestnut, who accepted it with the remark: "It is the only way to protect ourselves and keep the trainer's and jockey's mouths shut." He also told me that he did not think it would be necessary to bet over a couple of thousand, as he was sure the odds would be at least 30 to 1 or better, and that he would not dare to bet even as much as \$5, as he was so well known, and a bet from him might influence the betting, and that we, being strangers, could place all the money that we wanted to and could get a long price. He told us his horse was entered day after to-morrow in a five-eighths selling affair—fourth race on the card, and that Someday would simply limp in. We promised to meet Saturday afternoon in



front of Wheelock's book, but that we would not talk to each other in the betting-ring.

Then Mr. Chestnut took his departure.

"Well," said J. Arthur, "what do you think of him?" I told him he seemed to be a good trainer and that he looked to me like a Texan. J. Arthur said he had forgotten to ask of him where he was from. J. Arthur said that the time they were working out Someday that Mr. Chestnut had told him that he had once owned India Rubber and that he had won nineteen straight races with him; said he had also trained Civil Service, Burlington, Blue Rock and Tip Staff. Said he knew Windom Walden, Matt Byrnes and old man Littlefield; that the reason that he liked to race in the West was that if he did get a horse in right, he could always get a good price on it.

J. Arthur asked me if I desired to take in any of the shows, but I told him 'No' and we retired.

Next morning we were up bright and early, and after a few bowls, we ordered breakfast and I picked up a morning paper. The first thing I glanced at was a big killing that Pittsburg Phil had made on King Cadmus — something over \$100,000. I handed the paper to J. Arthur, who read it with the remark, "I guess we will stow a few coarse notes in our kick ourselves." We ordered a cab and drove out to Lincoln Park. I had expressed a desire to J. Arthur to go out



there and take a look at the beasts. They have a very fine collection of beasts out at Lincoln Park. From the park we drove to the North Side Waterworks; then through the La Salle Street Tunnel; then to luncheon.

In the evening we went to the Chicago Opera House and saw "Sinbad the Sailor."

Next day we were up early, went to the bank and got three one-thousand-dollar bills changed up into fifties and one-hundred-dollar notes, ate luncheon, and then went over to the Canal Street Depot and took a train for the Race Course. We were out there by 1:30 and they had not gone to the post for the first race. We strolled over to the refreshment-stand and ordered a quart, after which we walked through the betting-ring. There had been about twenty books cut in. We passed by Wheelock's book and stopped a moment in front of it. I happened to look up a moment, when I saw Mr. C. Chauncey Chestnut. He motioned his head to me and I nudged J. Arthur and we followed after him. He walked outside back of the betting-ring. He told us that everything was all right—fourth race—and that we had better not show up in the ring until the odds on the race had been posted; that his horse would probably open at about 30 to 1, and that we had both better go down the line—one following the other, and to



place about \$50 in each book. Then if they did not cut his price below 15 to 1, that one of us could go back down the line and play some more. I asked him if it would be all right to go into the café and drink a quart to the success of our plans, and he said he guessed that it would be all right in there, as all of the book-makers would be on their blocks; so we repaired to the café and ordered. There were only a few people in the place at the time, and the nearest one to us was a young fellow who sat alone with a bottle of beer alongside of him and a programme, which he picked up every now and then and glanced at and put down again. Chauncey helped us put away two quarts, then he bade us adieu, telling us that he was going over to the stable and that in about ten minutes we could go into the betting-ring and the odds on the fourth race ought to be posted, as the third race had already been run, but that the winner had not yet been announced. We waited a few moments and got up and walked out in the ring. Sure enough, there was the first betting — Someday, 60 to 1. I reached for my pocket-book, but it was not where it should be. I felt in all of my pockets, but could not find it. *It was gone!* I must have lost it at the table. I told J. Arthur that I had lost my pocket-book and for him to go and bet what he had and that I would go back to the



café and look for my money. I started back, but had only taken a few steps when I was accosted by the young fellow who had sat a few tables from us. He stepped up to me with a smile and said, "Going back to look for your pocket-book?" "Yes," said I. "Is this it?" said he, as he held up my well-known wallet. "Yes," said I, "that's it all right." He handed it to me with the remark: "It must have worked out of your pocket while you sat at the table. After you and your friend got up and left, I saw it lying on the chair, picked it up and followed after you." I thanked him and told him I was in a hurry—that I wanted to play this race, but that if he would wait until after I had gone down the line, that I would like to see him and have a talk with him. He said that he would wait for me in front of Hoffman's book, which was the first on the line. I started down the line, betting \$50 in each book. The odds were 15 and 20. I placed \$50 in all but two or three books. They had rubbed the price entirely off of Someday. I met J. Arthur at the end of the last book and told him about recovering my wallet. We walked over to Hoffman's book and there was the young fellow standing where I had left him. They had not gone to the post yet, and I took out two \$100 bills and handed them to him and told him to bet the money on Someday. I told him we



had bet about \$2,500 on him. "All right," says he, "although that is more money than I ever bet at one time in all my life. Wheelock's got 25 to 1, and as he is as game a man as there is on the block, I will place it all with him." He came back in a few minutes with two tickets. "I got 25 to 1 for \$100 and 15 to 1 for the other; 4,000 to 200." He started to hand me the tickets, but I told him to keep them and if Someday won, to give me back the \$200 and keep the winnings. Then we all went up in the grand-stand to see the race. On the way upstairs I told the young fellow that there was very nearly \$60,000 in the wallet he had returned to me—over \$3,000 in cash, and that I could afford to be liberal.

We all sat down in the grand stand. J. Arthur had brought out a pair of field-glasses and had unslung them. The horses were just going to the post—a gray horse with a negro jockey on it went by the grand stand. "There goes Someday," said my new friend. "What!" said J. Arthur, "that gray horse Someday? You must be mistaken. Someday is a sorrel; and besides, Thorpe is a white boy, while that jockey is a negro." "Sorrel, eh?" said my new-found friend, as he handed J. Arthur the programme. "Look there," and we both looked: "Someday, gray filly, two years old, by Great Hopes; dam, Long-



ing. Jockey—R. Williams.” It was some moments before we began to realize things. Then J. Arthur spoke up: “Well, Dud, old boy, I guess we are up against it good and strong.”

Well, they were off. Someday got off with a running start and led about fifty yards; then he was passed by first one, then another; there were twelve horses in the race and Someday finished a bang-up last. The race was won by a horse named Recherche—a 30 to 1 shot.

We all three sat for some moments before any of us spoke. “Well,” said my new-found friend. “Well,” said J. Arthur. “Well,” said I, “let’s go and get something to drink.” We all repaired to the café and I ordered a quart. After the waiter had filled our glasses, my new-found friend spoke up and introduced himself. “Gentlemen, my name is Tim Sullivan. I am night cashier and waiter in an all-night restaurant on Fifth Avenue and near the corner of Madison. I came out this afternoon to play Maid Marian; I had \$20—was going to bet on her. She was entered in the third race, but was scratched. I was studying whether to keep my twenty until she did start or play something else when you three sat down at one of the tables. I saw Billy get up and leave you.” “Oh, then,” said J. Arthur, “you know my friend with the black moustache?” “Know him?” said Tim; “I



should think I did. I thought everyone knew Bill Gall. He is one of the smartest touts in America. He don't get so many suckers, but when he does get one, he gets him for the long green. Is he the one that got you to play Someday?" "Yes," said J. Arthur. "Well," said Tim, "I am surprised with him putting you on a dead one. He generally plays the favorite." "Well, he did not have to put us on the favorite this time, as we gave him a thousand before we bet a cent ourselves." "Well, that accounts for his putting you on Someday. I suppose it was the first horse that came into his head."

We all got up and went out and caught the train back to town. On the way to town Tim asked J. Arthur if Billy Gall had taken him over on the West Side and shown him a sorrel horse. "Yes," said Arthur, and he told him all about it. "Well," said Tim, "that's his work all right. The horse that he probably showed you was old Swifton, an old plug that can run three-fourths in about three minutes, but which can run fifty yards as fast as any horse in training." "Well," said J. Arthur, "that is what I got for my money." "Well," said Tim, "I knew Billy Gall when he used to run around with a lot of them tough potato-peddlers on the West Side. That was before he turned out as a tout." "Tough, were they?" said I. "Tough, were they?" said



Tim; "well, they used to steal each other's axle grease and call it grafting."

By that time the train had reached the Canal Street Depot, and we all got out and walked up Madison Street a few blocks, and Tim showed us where he worked. He told us that if we liked to study human nature, to be sure and come there some evening; that there were more different classes of people who came in his place than any other place in America. I told him studying human nature was my long suit, and I promised him that he could expect me to drop in most any old time; and after we stopped in and had a drink, we separated—Tim to get ready to go to work, as he said; J. Arthur and I to the Richelieu.



## CARD 2.

"Well, what shall it be to-day? Shall we go out to Hawthorne to-day, or shall it be a boat-ride over to Milwaukee—one hundred miles on the Lake?" said J. Arthur. 'This was on Monday morning, the second day after our experience at the race-track. We were walking on Clark Street toward the Chicago River.

"Hawthorne," said I, "nit. And as for a trip to Milwaukee by boat, Arthur, I am surprised at you. You surely know my horror of water."

"That's so," said he. "I had forgotten."

We were within a couple of blocks of the river and the bells were ringing on the bridge to notify the foot passengers to hurry and get across—that the draw was about to swing in order to allow some boat a chance to get out in the Lake. We saw the people running to get across the bridge. The bridge was slowly turning when we heard several cries, and, glancing in the opposite direction, saw something that almost made our hearts stop beating—a runaway horse and carriage headed straight for the open river. A blonde young lady, whose hat had blown off, was standing staight up in the carriage, her hair blowing around her face, and was tugging away



at the reins for dear life. An elderly man lay in the bottom of the carriage in an unconscious condition. The horse was covered with perspiration; huge flecks of foam were dropping from its mouth; its eyes were ablaze.

To think, with me, was to act. The horse passed within ten feet of us. In an instant, I had sprung at the horse and made a grab for the bridle. I did not miss it; the horse jerked me off my feet and dragged me probably one hundred feet, but I clung to the bit and brought him to a stand-still. The frightened animal was trembling like a leaf. I led him up to the sidewalk and J. Arthur assisted the young lady to alight. A crowd soon formed, and one of its number took hold of the horse's head and began to pat him. A stalwart policeman pushed his way through the throng and, with Arthur's assistance, lifted the elderly gentleman out of the carriage and carried him into a nearby drug-store, followed by the young lady, myself, and a few of the curious. The policeman ordered the people to stand back, but they seemed loath to do so. The big officer finally succeeded in riding the drug-store of the majority of the hangers-on, but a number of them still insisted on remaining outside.

I turned my attention to the young lady, who had hold of J. Arthur's hands, and her eyes were



filled with tears. As I turned around, she came forward with both hands outstretched; her voice was so full of emotion that she could hardly speak.

"Why, Violet—or rather, Miss Ethridge—is it really you?" said I.

"Yes, it is I," she replied; "and this is twice you have saved my life. How can I ever repay you?"

"By simply never mentioning the fact," said I.

"That seems too hard a bargain," said she.

I looked at my torn clothes. They were all covered with mud and had holes in several different places. Besides, I was considerably bruised.

"How did it all happen?" said I.

"Well," she replied, "uncle and I were out driving and I was showing him the different places of interest. We were on our way home when Pronto (that's the horse's name) became frightened at something and started to run away. Pronto is a high-spirited horse and heretofore I have always been able to control him, but this time he seemed to act crazily and got beyond my control; to make matters worse, uncle fainted. Uncle is a lumberman from in Wisconsin and is here on a visit. Poor Uncle Harvey—he has so much trouble on his mind—no wonder he fainted. I saw that the draw was up, and if you had not



stopped us when you did and we had gone one hundred yards further, we would have all gone into the river. I tried in vain to turn Pronto's head up Randolph Street."

By this time the druggist had revived Miss Violet's uncle, and she introduced J. Arthur and me to him. He was a Mr. Harvey Radford, of K——, Wisconsin. We all passed outside. By this time the crowd had left. The young man with whom we had left the horse in charge was still holding him. He was rather roughly dressed, but seemed to have an honest face. I inquired of him if he knew where Delaware Place was, and, being answered in the affirmative, I told him to take the horse and carriage to Miss Violet's number. I handed him a five-dollar bill, to his great astonishment. He thanked me and told me that he would do as I requested.

In the meantime Arthur had called a cab and placed Violet and her uncle inside. Violet insisted that we call and see her that afternoon, which we promised to do as soon as I could make a change of garments. She said that she would expect us.

We also called a cab and were driven home. (I called the Richelieu "home," for I had never really known what home was since I was a little child, and therefore wherever I stopped I considered my home.)



Mr. Bemis had a good laugh when he saw me, and asked if I had been playing foot-ball. J. Arthur stopped to tell him of our adventure whilst I went up to our rooms and changed my apparel. J. Arthur soon joined me and made a lightning change himself.

We partook of a light lunch, called a cab and were driven to Miss Violet's home. As we drove up to the house she came down the steps to meet us. She lived in a beautiful place. We dismissed the cab and told the driver to call for us in a couple of hours.

Violet escorted us into the parlor, and as we entered Mr. Radford arose to greet us. Mr. Radford proved to be a very pleasant gentleman. He informed us that this was his first visit to the city of Chicago, having arrived but yesterday; that he had been greatly worried over business matters. He stated that he had been in the lumber business for the past twenty-five years, at the present time employing two hundred people. His mill had a capacity of eight cars per day, and that when he had installed his plant the railway company had put in a spur for him and promised him all the assistance in their power.

He further stated that he owned ten thousand acres of good timber, which was connected with the mill by a stream of water which he could use to convey the logs to the mill.



He also informed us that he had an option on twenty-five thousand acres of good timber, everything in first-class condition, but never, since the plant had been running, had the railway company supplied him with cars in which he could ship his timber. He stated that he had never received more than four cars in a single day since the mill had been in operation. He informed us that he could sell all the lumber he could load, but that it was impossible to get sufficient cars. He said that the other mills were getting \$11 and \$12 a thousand feet for their lumber, but that he could sell his for \$8 and be enabled to make plenty of money at that price.

He had written to the chief train-despatcher, also the train-master, and their replies had always been the same: "We are short of box-cars—cannot get any." He said that he knew the railway was short of cars, but that other mills got cars—perhaps not all they desired, but they each received many times the number with which his mill was supplied.

Mr. Radford went on to say that if he could get six cars per day, that he could easily clear one hundred thousand dollars in the next twelve months. He said that he would be satisfied if he could secure but two cars a day. He was satisfied that he had not been getting his pro rata; for the past twenty-eight days he had not re-



ceived one car. He had orders to fill, and if he did not get some relief soon, he would have to shut down the plant; that he could not afford to pay his men under the present situation. He stated that all he needed was the cars. He was under the impression that the S. & H. Railroad desired him to close his mill.

He had come to Chicago to see Violet's brother, to see if he did not know of someone that would invest some money in his mill and go in partnership with him. I asked him, in case he could get what money he required, what relief he could get. He replied that the G. & B. Railroad ran within five miles of his mill, and that he had talked with some of the G. & B. Railroad officials, and they had told him that if his mill were on their line, they would guarantee him fifteen cars per day. He said he could build the five miles of track to connect the G. & B. Railroad with his mill for four thousand dollars a mile; that he could buy a second-hand standard Baldwin engine, as good as he would need, for thirty-five hundred dollars, perhaps twenty-five hundred; and if the G. & B. Railroad did not supply him with cars, that he could buy all the first-class box-cars he required for six hundred dollars per car.

I asked him if he could start in right away and build the five miles of track necessary for



the achievement of his plans, provided he had the money. He replied in the affirmative, stating that he would close his plant down until he could open it right. I asked him where the G. & B. Railroad Company's offices were located, and he informed me that they were here in Chicago. He said that if he could get the money, he would go and see the railroad officials, have them draw up an iron-clad agreement to supply him with from eight to ten cars per day, as he might need them, he to have the option. He said that he would not accept any verbal agreement; that *it must be in writing*, drawn up and properly attested.

To say that Mr. Radford had interested me would be but mildly putting it. He had thoroughly aroused my sympathy, and I made up my mind to see him through, if it took every ox in dad's barn.

Here was an honest man beyond the shadow of a doubt, who had worked twenty-five years to get a start, and through the negligence or carelessness of a greedy railway corporation, was about to be ruined.

My mind was made up. As I have before stated, to think, with me, was to act. "How much did you say you had invested in your plant, Mr. Radford?"

"One hundred and twenty-five thousand dollars," he replied.



I turned to J. Arthur and said: "Well, Arthur, you have steered me against many a bad proposition; now I will make you one: How would you like to become a Hoo-Hoo?"

Mr. Radford smiled. Arthur was lost, and remarked, "I don't know what you mean."

"Well," said I, "I will furnish the money needed, \$125,000, for one-fourth interest in the plant, if it is as you state, Mr. Radford, you to draw up the papers. Mr. J. Arthur Doughnut is to be the junior member of the firm, but, as you know, Mr. Radford, Mr. Doughnut does not know the least thing about the lumber business, and I know he would not devote all his time to it even though he made one million dollars per year at it. I dare say, though, that there will be some department in which he can be useful."

Mr. Radford spoke up and said, "Mr. Rum Dum, if you will do as you say, I will make out papers, and yourself and Mr. Doughnut can be equal partners in the enterprise. I will organize the new company and name it the Rum Dum Lumber Company, in honor of yourself."

"No," said I, "I shall insist on my own terms. Mr. J. Arthur Doughnut is to have 25 per cent for the sum of \$125,000; as for my part, I want nothing. I could put twenty times that amount in the business and then would have more money than I could ever spend. Why, what you require



is less than my income amounts to in one year's time." I spoke this from my heart; I had not intended it as a boast, but I was excited; probably I would not have said what I did if it had been otherwise.

I happened to glance at J. Arthur and Miss Violet. They both seemed stunned. Arthur seemed dazed and said nothing.

"Of course," said I, "I have plenty of money, but it is tied up in securities, stocks and bonds, but, as I said, you can have what money you require inside of ten days' time. Will that be soon enough?" said I.

"Plenty soon enough," replied Mr. Radford.

"I suppose," said I, "that you have heard of Mr. Rufus Onion, the great New York financier?"

Mr. Radford replied, "Yes; Mr. Onion is a director and stockholder in the G. & B. Railroad."

"Well," said I, "that simplifies matters. Mr. Onion is my guardian and he was the best friend whom my father ever possessed. He has over four million dollars to my credit, of which I will come into control next year. So you see it will not be such a sacrifice on my part, after all."

I happened to glance outside and saw our cab-driver. I took out my wallet and showed Mr. Radford my letter of credit for \$50,000, and informed him that he need look no further; that all that I would have to do would be to



write to Mr. Onion for \$100,000 more and it would be forthcoming.

"Well," said Mr. Radford, "there is more money in the lumber business than in any other business on earth, provided that it is conducted properly. As I have previously informed you, I have followed the lumber business for twenty-five years. I know every detail of it. I have been a scaler, a filer and a sawyer, and I know the business from A to Z."

"Well, we will bid you good-day."

Miss Violet spoke up and said: "Gentlemen, I shall insist on your calling again, and that before long, as I want you both to meet my brother and also my mother, who is up town shopping to-day."

She handed us our hats, and she and her uncle both accompanied us to the cab.

We bade them adieu, and as we rolled over the streets J. Arthur looked at me and said, "Dud, old boy, I never would have thought it of you; I really never did."

"Why," said I, "that's nothing."

"Nothing! nothing to string an old gentleman and his lovely niece like that? *nothing!*" and he looked at me in an accusing way.

"String him?" said I.

"Certainly," said J. Arthur. "You did not mean what you said to him, did you?"



It was now my turn to look amazed. I was angry.

"Did you ever, in all your life, know me to tell anyone a deliberate falsehood?" said I.

"No," said J. Arthur; "but you spoke about Mr. Onion having four million dollars to your credit."

"So he has," said I.

"Forgive me, old boy; I never dreamed that you were possessed of one-fourth of that amount," said J. Arthur.

"And," says I, "what's more, you never would have surmised it if I had not become so confidential."

"Well," said J. Arthur, "I have been worrying considerably about the money which I have caused you to lose, especially this last loss on Someday."

"Well," said I, "I was a trifle sore myself, but it was not the amount of money we lost, it was being played for chumps, that made me sore."

"Well," said J. Arthur, "the first time that I encounter Mr. C. Chauncey Chestnut, I will knock his blooming noodle off."

"Oh no, you won't," said I; "let everyone know he trimmed us, eh? Oh no; if we should ever happen to run across Mr. Chestnut, or rather, Billy Gall, we will not recognize him; if he should come up to us with an apology, we



will tell him that he is mistaken; that we never saw him before in our lives. Is it a go?"

"Y-e-s," slowly replied J. Arthur, "but at the same time, I would like to take just one good crack at him; but, of course, I will do as you say."

The cab was just turning the corner of Clark and Madison streets when we told the driver to stop. We both got out and I paid and dismissed him. As we stepped out of the cab in front of Dale's drug store we espied Mr. Tim Sullivan.

He greeted us with a cheery, "Good-day, gentlemen. Been out taking in the city?"

We nodded our heads.

"Well, I had a date with a party here, but I see she has not put in her appearance, and as I have several hours before I go on watch, what do you say if we take a walk down to the Apollo. Ever been to the Apollo?" asked Tim.

"No," we both replied.

"Well, if neither one of you has been there, we will spend an hour or so there. It is but a few blocks up the street."

"All right," we both replied, and off we started. We walked a few blocks on Clark Street towards the North Side, until we came almost to the same place where I had stopped the runaway horse in the morning.



Tim led the way. We came to a stairway and Tim darted downstairs, we following. We burst into a saloon with thirty or forty tables, and what a cosmopolitan crowd there was present! both men and women, and, I honestly believe, more women than men; yes, as I glanced around, I observed a ratio of two women to one man. Some were dressed in the height of fashion and all seemed to be enjoying themselves. We seated ourselves at one of the tables.

One of the waiters came up to our table to take our orders. I ordered a quart of champagne. Tim said he did not care anything for wine; that wine was foreign to his stomach; so he ordered a bottle of beer. Tim was bowing to almost everyone in the room; he appeared to know them all. A couple of females came over and sat down alongside of us and commenced talking to Tim.

"That little waiter who took our orders was Jimmy Ice Cream," says Tim.

"Jimmy Ice Cream!" we both ejaculated; "what a peculiar name!" "Is that his correct name?" asked J. Arthur.

"Only a nick-name," replied Tim; "everyone knows him and everyone calls him Ice Cream Jimmy. He is a mighty good boy."

By that time, Jimmy had brought the drinks and had started to serve them. I was just on the



point of asking the girls to have something when one of them spoke up, saying: "What 'th the matter with uth girlth having thome wine?"

Bless my heart! the dear thing lisped. I started to say, "All right," when Tim spoke up, saying, "Wine! why, great heavens! daughter, do you know what brand of wine that is?"

"No, thir," she replied.

"Are you accustomed to drinking wine?" asked Tim.

"No, thir."

"I thought so," said Tim. "Why, that's the *Wish-Wash* brand of wine, and one has to be a wine-drinker for years before they can even drink one glass of it. Why," said Tim, "if you girls should take but one drink of it, it is dollars to doughnuts that you would have the gay force on the K a berry bi in less than thirty minutes."

"And what 'th that?" she asked.

"Why," said Tim, "everything you eat and drink goes right to your stomach." "Hi, Jimmy!" called Tim; "a couple of tubs of suds, Texas size." And Jimmy brought two large glasses of beer.

"I geth," said the girl that had been talking to Tim, "you don't theem to remember me."

"No," said Tim.

"Well, I'm Brown Thoda Alith and my lady friend'th name ith Mith Jeannette."



We all bowed to the two ladies, and Brown Soda Alice continued: "I thuppothe you heard all about my beau, Tom?"

"No," replied Tim. "What about him?"

"Well," said the girl, "he got pinthed thith morning, but you bet your life I've thtill got hith jewelry." And she dislayed the aforesaid jewelry, consisting of three bone collar-buttons and one brass one.

"The copth are pretty thly, but thith ith one time I fooled them good."

"Good girl," remarked Tim. "Have some more beer."

"No," said Alice; "I don't want any more beer, but I would like a Manhattan."

"Certainly," said Tim; "anything you want." And Alice ordered two Manhattans.

"What's the matter with your lady friend?" asked Tim. "She don't seem to have much to say."

"No," said Alice; "the 'th a married woman."

"Is that so?" replied Tim, turning to Jeanette.

"Sure, Mike," said that worthy damsel.

"Doesn't your husband kick on your drinking beer and going around such places as these?" asked Tim.

"Naw," said the girl. "He knows better than to kick; he's such a good-natured brute, he



wouldn't kick no matter what I done; besides, he works all the time and gives me every cent he makes. He's a gas-fitter and he makes good coin. He hasn't laid off from work but one day in three years, and that was last Friday. I had a gentleman friend of mine up to the house and we were rushing the can. My husband came in the room where we were sitting and said he was looking for a pair of old gloves; he had the gloves he was looking for in his hand at the time. I told him about it and he left the room. I overheard his brother talking to him that night. He and his brother were in the next room, and his brother was saying, 'Why didn't you throw that guy out of the house on his head?' and Will—that's my husband's name (bless his dear old heart! he's always making excuses)—Will replied, 'Why, what could I do? I didn't know the man. If I had of known him, you can just bet I would of said something to him.'"

I took a glance around the place. It was pretty well filled. There was a party of young people sitting at the table next to us—four young men and three young girls. They were laughing and seemed to be having a good time. They were all pretty full, one young fellow in particular; he was the one who had no girl. He was a very fresh young fellow—one whom anyone could tell was not in the habit of drinking. He was very



well dressed and seemed to have plenty of money, as he bought drinks freely; but he did not know how to spend his money. He was very coarse and vulgar to the extreme.

An old fellow who I should judge was about fifty years old was going around the tables selling gum. He came to the table where the party above alluded to were sitting and offered his gum for sale. The young fellow reached out his hand and knocked the gum out of the old fellow's hand with the remark, "Get away with that old junk; we don't want any of it."

In an instant a dozen persons had surrounded the smart young man and several started to lay hands on him. The proprietor of the place pushed his way through the crowd, caught the young man by the shoulders, and set him down in his chair with the remark, "Young man, if you want to stay in my place, you will have to behave yourself." The young fellow and his friends started to explain, but the proprietor shut them off with: "Everyone is welcome in my house, but they have got to behave. I told Old Sport he could come into my place whenever he wanted to, and he can, and anyone that don't like it can stay out. I don't send any carriages after anyone." And with this parting shot he left and went back to his cashier's desk.



The young fellow sat down at his table and ordered more drinks for his party.

In the meantime Tim had told us about the old fellow.

Said Tim: "That's Old Sport Campana, the Ped. He has been in all of the big walking matches throughout the country, but he is about all in now. He is too old to work at any hard work. Everyone knows him and everyone likes him. He makes a good living selling chewing-gum. If that episode had transpired at some places down on the levee, that young fellow would have received a good beating, and stood a good chance to have gotten killed."

Old Sport had picked up his box of gum. Several people had called him over to hand him money. He was heading for the door, when Tim called him over to our table and handed him fifty cents, saying, "Never mind any gum, Sport." Sport had two big tears in his eyes and said to Tim: "You know me, Mr. Sullivan; God bless you; you know I am no bum; if I was a young man, that cub would not have dared to have knocked my gum out of my hand."

Jimmy Ice Cream came up and handed Sport twenty-five cents and told him he just found it on the floor and for him to take it for luck. I handed Sport a dollar and so did J. Arthur. Old Sport blessed us all, and as he again started for



the door Tim said: "Say, Sport, who's the greatest man on earth?"

Back came the answer quick as a flash, "John L. Sullivan."

"There's a great old character," said Tim; "he has gotten his own and John L. Sullivan's names tattooed on his breast."

We turned to take a look at the young party. They were still a trifle noisy, and I could see that the young fellow was still looking for trouble.

"I would like to take one good rap at that rat," remarks Tim. "I'll bet he gets his needings before he gets out of here."

Just then a young girl wearing a Salvation Army hat and carrying a bunch of *War Cries* under her arm came up to the table where we were installed and, with a "Please buy a *War Cry*," accosted me. I reached my hand in my pocket and dug up a silver dollar, handing it to her with the remark, "Give the paper to someone else and keep the change."

J. Arthur and Tim were right there too with their pieces of silver, and Tim remarked: "I always hand those girls something, although their religion is not my religion. Still, they do a great deal of good and never do any harm."

"But," says I, "she seems so young; I should think she would get insulted. She can't be over eighteen or nineteen and she is as pretty as a wax doll."



"Oh!" said Tim, "don't you worry about her. She can take care of herself."

The lass had passed down the line, stopping at the various tables. Some bought her papers, others gave her small pieces of money, whilst others tried to josh her. Finally, the fresh young cub espied her—I call him "the Cub," for I can think of no more appropriate name for him. As I said, he spotted her, and, turning to his companions, remarked: "Pike the swell little Salvation Army lass. Watch me cop her out."

His friends told him to leave her alone. "No," says he, "I am going to cop her."

"No, don't you do it; leave her alone; now, don't make a fool out of yourself," spoke up one of his friends sitting at his table.

"No," says Mr. Fresh, "they are all alike, and to prove it, I will bet you twenty dollars I can date her up."

His companion, seeing that he was in earnest, and being pretty full also, replied: "All right; I will bet you a basket of wine that you can't make a date with her."

"All right," says Mr. Fresh; "I will just have her meet me some place and I will take her to supper and you people can see me take her. If I don't take her to supper, I lose the wine; if I do, you lose."



"All right," said his friend; "although I would advise you to leave her alone."

"Never you mind me," says the Cub. "Watch my smoke, for here she comes."

We all had heard the conversation and were anxious to witness the outcome.

Mr. Fresh reached in his pocket and pulled out a big roll of bills and scaled off a ten-spot and crumpled it up in his hand; then called the young girl over to his table and, taking a hold of her hand, slipped the ten dollars in her hand with the remark, "Where can I meet you, sister?"

The young girl blushed, looked at the note, unfolded it and put it in her pocketbook, but never spoke a word.

Mr. Fresh spoke again, only in a louder tone this time, using the same words, "Where can I meet you, sister?"

The girl smiled an angelic smile and replied sweetly, "In Heaven, brother"; then started out the door.

There were fully forty persons who had overheard the answer, and such a shout went up that I daresay was heard at the court-house, two or three blocks distant.

As for the Cub, he was completely dumbfounded. He was subjected to such an unmerciful guying that he finally got up and left, very



much chagrined, leaving his friends sitting at the table.

"Didn't I tell you he would get his draw?" said Tim. "Tell me those girls can't take care of themselves."

"Well, folks," said Tim, glancing at the clock, "guess I will have to go to work. Where are you people going to-night?"

"Well," said J. Arthur, "I guess we will go to McVicker's."

"Well," said Tim, "drop around and see me after the show."

"All right," we both replied; "we'll be around after the show is out."

After bidding the girls "Good-night," we all got up and left the place. J. Arthur and I went over to Rector's oyster house and Mr. Tim went to work. After we had eaten, we walked over to McVicker's and secured seats for Hanlon's "Superba."

After the show, we walked over to where Tim worked. As we stepped in the place Tim was just registering ten cents which a tall young fellow had just laid down for coffee and doughnuts.

The place where Tim worked was an all-night restaurant and I noticed they served a midnight dinner in the place. Tim spoke to us and said: "Did you gents notice that young fellow who passed out as you came in?"



"Yes," we both replied.

"There's a duck that can out-stutter anyone on earth. It generally takes him ten minutes to say 'ten cents' and I guess it would take him ten years to say 'ten dollars.' I think he is a race-horse tout or else is a booster in some gambling-house. He has been coming in here for the past two months, every night, playing a ten-cent limit coffee and sinkers; never anything else. They call him 'Frisco.' I feel sorry for him, for it is almost a cinch that he has seen better days. I have often tried to start a conversation with him, but just as sure as I do, he invariably gets stuck on an *s*. He will chew on it for five or ten minutes; sputter all over me and himself, too; then someone will give me an order, and that always settles it."

Just then in steps Frisco, accompanied by a fine-appearing man, who spoke to Tim, saying: "We will be back in a minute or so; just going to the drug store to get something for a headache."

"Who's the swell-looking Gee with Frisco and how on earth did he ever get him on his staff?" asked J. Arthur of Tim.

"The swell-looking Gee is Mr. Carter, a horse-man from Kentucky, and he is a swell. He always drinks wine with his meals. I suppose he knew Frisco when that worthy was in better cir-



cumstances. He is not the man to turn anyone down because he is in hard luck. If he wants wine, I send over to Powers & O'Brien's for it. I suppose he will pay for Frisco's supper; hand him ten or twenty dollars and blow him off."

Just then the two returned, and Tim seated them at the table and handed Mr. Corter the bill of fare. Mr. Carter merely glanced at it and said: "Tim, my boy, bring me a small bird and a cold bottle."

Tim bowed, and, turning to Frisco, said: "And yours?"

"J-J-J-J-Just b-b-b-b-bring me a sma-sma-sma-small b-b-b-bird and a co-co-co-cold bo-bo-bottle, too."

Tim started to the kitchen, but turned and came back with a mischievous look and asked of Frisco, who had picked up the bill of fare and was looking at it up-side-down, "What kind of a small bird would you like?"

Frisco never glanced up, but said: "'J-j-j-just b-b-b-bring me a sma-sma-sma-small turkey."

We gave Tim the laugh, and bidding him "Good-night," after promising to call again the next evening, we walked around the corner to Bathhouse John's Turkish bath parlors and turned in for the night.



### CARD 3.

It was three days later when I was called-up by 'phone by Mr. Radford, who requested us to come over to the house. I informed him that we would do so. After luncheon, we rang for a cab and drove up the beautiful Lakeshore Drive until we came to Miss Ethridge's home. Violet came down the steps to greet us. We dismissed the driver, telling him to call for us in about three hours. We were ushered into the parlor and introduced to Violet's mother and brother. The mother was a fine-looking old lady, whom I judged to be about fifty-five years of age. The brother was a fine specimen of the hustling, bristling Anglo-Saxon race and about my own age, twenty-nine or thirty. He was very pleasant, and informed us that he was a stock broker and that his business occupied almost his entire time; that he could hardly spare the time to eat his meals.

He and his mother both thanked me for having saved Violet's life on two separate occasions, and, judging from the enthusiasm of his manner, I decided that Miss Violet must have made quite a hero out of me in relating the incidents.



Miss Violet called her uncle and he came in. He informed us that he was slightly indisposed; he said that he was not used to so much noise and confusion. He sent Violet up to his room for some papers, which she brought down in a few minutes and which proved to be an iron-clad agreement between the Rum Dum Lumber Company on the one side and the G. & B. Railroad on the other.

Mr. Radford read us the contract, and I am doing the railway company but justice when I say that the contract favored the lumber company in many ways. Violet's brother, Paul, examined the papers and pronounced them perfect. I informed Mr. Radford that I would have the money for him by the day following the morrow.

He stated that the incorporation should take place in Chicago; J. Arthur should be president, while he would be vice-president and general manager; that the name of the concern would be the Rum Dum Lumber Company, Limited; that he named the company in honor of myself, providing I gave my consent, which I freely did.

Violet invited us to luncheon. As we had already dined, we reluctantly declined, but she insisted that we drink a cup of coffee anyway. We accordingly went down to the dining-room, where a sumptuous repast was spread.



Miss Violet's mother was a tactful woman and a delightful hostess. Whilst neither J. Arthur nor myself had any appetite, still we managed to get through with quite a course.

After we had partaken of the luncheon, we retired to the parlor, where we passed a social hour or so. Miss Violet was an accomplished musician and was possessed of a good voice. After listening to her singing and playing, I invited the whole family to accompany us to see Robert Mantell, who was showing at Hooley's. They accepted and we promised to call for them at 7 p. m. As I had to attend to the details, I accordingly called our cab and we bade the folks adieu; we secured a box and then arranged for luncheon at Kinsley's Café after the show.

We then went home to dress, and at the appointed time were at Miss Violet's house with two carriages. Miss Ethridge, her mother and J. Arthur rode in one carriage, whilst Mr. Radford, Paul and myself rode in the other.

On the way to the theater I told Mr. Radford how dear J. Arthur was to me; that he was just like a brother. I informed Mr. Radford that I wanted him to take Arthur up to Wisconsin with him and try to get him interested in lumber and teach him the business. He said that he thought he could manage it all right; that if he could get J. Arthur to go up there with him, that there



was plenty of sport to interest him enough to make him remain. If he liked hunting, deer and bear were in abundance; and as for fishing, none better was to be found any place. If the sport could keep Arthur in the vicinity long enough, he would get interested in the country, and before he was aware of it, he would be in the business heart and soul. I agreed to get Arthur to accompany him. By this time we had arrived at the theater.

After witnessing the play, we repaired to Kinsley's and partook of a light lunch, after which we ordered the carriages. We bade the folks "Good-night," after promising to call on Mr. Radford as soon as I heard from Mr. Onion, which would not be more than two days at the most.

We dismissed one carriage and ordered the other to take us to the restaurant in which Tim worked. We arrived there just as a patron was leaving, with his head all bandaged up.

We had not seen Tim for several days and he had gotten very slangy, or else he had never allowed himself free sway on previous occasions.

We gave him the customary greeting and then I spoke to him thusly: "For heaven's sake, Tim, who was the mark that just went out of here all bandaged up, and who soaked him? He must have had an argument with his wife and gotten the worst of the affair," said I.



“And you must either be a mind-reader or else have gotten a peep inside of his trunk. His wife did soak him, and I was the innocent cause of it. It happened this way: His name is Miller; he and his wife run a saloon across the way. She really runs the place, tends bar and does all the work. He lays around on the outside and boosts the bar; drinks with everyone that asks him, never refusing. If the first man orders beer, Miller takes beer; if the next one whisky, same for Miller; wine, same for Miller. Allee same Pudd Malcom and Miller’s capacity is about the same as Pudd’s, only Miller does not come back and buy the same as Pudd does.

“Well, I am always stringing Miller whenever I get a chance. The other night he came in and ate a lunch; after he had finished, I commenced to sniff and look at him, finally saying, ‘Miller, you smell just like a nigger.’

“He went right up in the air and said: ‘Tim, I don’t like dot; I am your friend and den you talk such a way.’

“I said, ‘Oh! that’s all right, Miller; that’s only a joke. You see a negro smells with his nose and you smell with your nose, consequently you smell like a negro. See?’

“‘Ha! ha! dot’s a good one; I tell dot to Katrina right away.’



"He tore out of the place on a hop, skip and jump so he would not forget it. His wife was just tapping a keg of beer when he rushed in.

"Give me a glass of beer. Say, Katrina, you stink like a nigger."

"Katrina paused and said: 'What's dot?'

"Don't you get excitement; dot's only a joke; don't you see? A negro stinks and so do you."

"Katrina landed with her mallet on his cocoa instead of the beer, and you just witnessed the result. He got things mixed up.

"Pipe this bunch that just came in; they are good for a ten-spot at least."

"Who are they, Tim?"

"Oh! they ain't no one a-tall, I guess; only four passenger conductors. They are here attending their convention. Wait till I take their orders and I will come back and talk to you."

As Tim left us and got busy with his orders, I said to J. Arthur: "I wonder if Tim knows them."

"Search me," said that worthy.

It did not take Tim very long to take the orders and also serve them, as they were good livers and knew what and how to order. While they were eating, I asked Tim if he knew them.

"Sure, Mike. See the little fellow? That's Abe Angle, of the Monon. The one opposite



him is Yank Hibbard, of the Vandalia. The one facing the south is Harry Smith, of the Big 4; and the other one—the one who is making all the noise—is Bill Mitten, of the O. & M. Railroad. Mitten is a great story-teller and a josher for fair. You see how different passenger conductors are from other railroad men. They never talk shop. In fact, you can never get them to talk railroad when off duty.

“The other night I had a lot of freight brakemen and switchmen in here, and all you could hear was ‘*flying switches*,’ ‘*second twenty-ones*,’ and ‘*doubling the hills*.’

“I came near getting run over a couple of times dodging box-cars; I thought I was in some freight-yard.”

Just then Mr. Hibbard called Tim; they were through supper and were ready for their coffee. They all ordered coffee except Mr. Hibbard, who ordered coffee royal. I could see by Mitten’s eye that coffee royal was a new wrinkle to him, although he was a good liver and knew how to order.

He watched Tim pour the brandy in the coffee and touch it off, and as the blue blaze shot up, he jumped from the table and yelled: “It don’t go—oh, no—not for my dough!”

“Why, what’s the matter?” all three asked in the same breath.



"What's the matter?" replied Mitten, who was very much excited and had commenced to splutter; "oh! nothing a-tall, I guess. Of course I lost the suppers and I defy anyone on earth to say that I am a cheap skate. I would not care if the suppers came to fifty dollars, but when anyone starts to build bonfires out of my dough, it don't go." And he gave the table a mighty whack.

Of course explanations followed, after which they all left.

After they had gone, I said to Tim: "How do you feel?"

J. Arthur had gone to the drug store on the corner.

"Well," says Tim, "I feel like plugged money. I thought I had seen them all, but I just had the toughest gazabo in here I ever met in all my life. He will be back in a few minutes, and he is the richest card you ever met. He came bolting in here like as if he was John Thomas Brady, just arrived from St. Louis; sized me up and says: 'Can I speak to you as a gentleman?'"

"'Blaze away,' says I.

"He had a big quart bottle which he set alongside of him.

"'Well,' says he, 'I am a grafter—see? and I am dere wit de Jimpson weeds, de Johnson grass and de magnolias. I wasn't left on any-



one's door-step—see? I wants to borrow four bits from you for five minutes, den I will blow back wit de cush—see? and you ken be in wit me graft—see?”

“I weighed him up a second and said: ‘Me let you take four bits?’

“‘Yes,’ says he.

“‘I might let you have it on your right eye,’ says I.

“He stalled a second and reached up and with his fingers dug his right eye out and laid it on the counter with the remark: ‘It’s a pretty tough prop, but I needs de dough.’

“‘If that yegg didn’t have a bum lamp I hope to die. I handed him the half with the remark, ‘You can keep your optic, but the next plug that lands me for fifty cents will have to leave both of his eyes.’

“‘Oh!’ says he, ‘I suppose you are another one of dem Missouri guys.’

“‘I confess that I am from that glorious State.’

“‘Well, I will be back in five minutes,’ says he. ‘I am a grafter and I am dere wit de jimpson weeds, de Johnson grass and de magnolias. Ask Tony Rourke if I ain’t. I wasn’t left on anyone’s door-step.’ And he grabbed his big black bottle and was out before I realized it.

“‘Here he comes. Pipe.’”



"Dere's your half a suskin; didn't I tell you I was a grafter? Tell me dat six bits ain't seventy-five cents. Now you can be in wit me play," says he, and he laid the bottle on the counter.

"Have you an old tin can, a couple of lemons and some ice? Den bring dem to me."

Tim says: "I will go all the way through with this bloke." And he dug up a tin can that had done service as a growler, also the balance of the stuff.

"Dey calls me Seldom Seen," says the yegg, "and I am dere—see? Now," he says to Tim, "give me a bowl and a hammer."

Tim brings them.

"Now," he says, as he starts to make the decoction, "I'll put you Joseph to me graft. When I went out of here I went around de corner and goes into dat swell saloon. I always picks out a swell dump. I walks up to de poisoner and hands him me bottle and says, 'Give me a quart of rye,' den stalls away till he fills de bottle, picks up mister bottle and hands him half a dobe and makes a lammass for de door.

"'Hold on,' says the barkeep, 'what's dis?'"

"'Dat's for de booze,' says I."

"'What do you tink dat is,' says de barkeep, 'white line? Dat stuff costs \$1.50 a quart whole-sale,' says he."



“‘Well,’ says I, ‘de day man always let me have it for fifty cents.’

“‘Well, de day man don’t know his business.’

“‘Well, dat ’s all I got, and I can get it from him for fifty cents, so you will have to take your junk back,’ and I handed him the bottle and he poured it into his demijohn and I screwed back here.”

By that time he had his decoction mixed, picked up his bottle, hit it a rap with the hammer, took out a big sponge and squeezed about a pint of whisky out of it.

“Didn’t I tell you I was dere,” says he, as he noticed our look of surprise. He poured some of the booze in the can on top of the lemons and sugar; took two glasses and poured out some for each of us, and said: “Dat ’s a Dick Smith and de finest drink on ert.”

“Tastes to me like a whisky sour,” says Tim, “only lots better.”

“It is a swell drink,” says I.

“Mighty fine,” says John Yegdom; “dat was named after its inventor; and because it tastes so good was ’cause it was made in an old tin can.

“Don’t you know beer always tastes better out of an old tin can? Dat ’s because tin is de coldest metal known. Now I am going to blow, and I wants to touch you for two bits to go and Rip on—see? And I’ll come in wid de goods next time I drops in—see?”



"Rip?" says Tim.

"Yes, *Rip*," says Seldom; "Rip Van Winkle—sleep."

"Well," says Tim, "I have heard it called 'kip,' 'douse,' 'pad' and 'flop,' but 'Rip' just beats me two bits' worth." And he handed Seldom the two bits. Seldom starts to the door.

"I told you I was dere wit de Jimpson weeds, de Johnson grass and de magnolias, and I wasn't left on anyone's door-step. I told you I would pay you your half man and dat I would not pay you in conversation—see?" and he lammed out the door.

As Seldom went out of the door J. Arthur came in. J. Arthur spoke to Timothy thusly: "You seem pretty gay this evening, Timothy."

"Nay, J. Arthur; that's my natural efferescence."

"Anything doing to-night?"

"Not much. Did I ever tell you boys about the rum that comes in here every night and always eats from ten to twenty-five cents' worth, always paying me in pennies? Fact; guess he must rob his baby's bank. But I am laying for him. See this old grip? Well, he has not missed a night in two or three months. I told the boss about him and I brought this old Keister of mine down here to put all the pennies which he gives me in, and sooner or later he will hand



me a note and then—well, *then* my revenge will be something terrible. He gets them all. Ha! ha! Revenge is sweet. Stick for the big show and see it come off, as it is bound to happen sooner or later.”

Just then a couple came in—a young printer and his girl. I surmised that they had just come from one of the North Side dances. I thought I had seen them all, but no; this Broad was a dream, or rather, a nightmare. Her arms were bare; she had on a short dress, white stockings and blue satin slippers.

They sat at a table while Tim stalled out to the kitchen. I heard Tim call her Rio Grande.

She was saying: “I ust; ustn’t you?” and, “Quit; now do you know it?”

Tim came up with the menu card. The young fellow ordered ham and. She stalled and stalled and finally ordered a woodcock. The young fellow was not paying much attention to her order; in fact, Tim had gotten half way to the kitchen when he began to realize, grabbed the bill of fare, glanced at the price—\$1.25, woodcock—and yelled: “Nix; come back here.” He turned to the girl and said: “What did you order?”

“Why,” she answered, “I ordered woodcock.”

“What! a whole one?”



"Why, certainly," said she.

"Did you ever eat one before?"

"Why, no."

"I thought not," he said; "they are as big as a turkey; you could not eat one in a month." Then to Tim: "Here, waiter; bring us two nice half-stews."

He breathed hard when he paid his check, looked wise at Tim and whispered, "Gee! that was a nose finish; I was only half a case strong."

Just then in came a coon; aged between forty and fifty.

I said to Tim: "Do you serve shines here?"

"Yes," said he; "watch how I serve this one." Walks up with his con smile and says: "What will it be?"

"I wants some pork chops and coffee."

"One order of pork chops," sings out Tim; turns to Mr. Dingo and says: "Where do you work, Buddy?"

"I works for Mr. Winterble, sah; Mr. Butch Winterble, sah. Mr. Winterble am a race-horse man, sah."

"Oh, yes; I know Mr. Winterble very well," says Tim; "he is in partners with Dan O'Neil."

"Yes, sah; dat's de man, sah."

"Then," says Tim, "you must know something about policy."

"Oh, yes, sah. I plays policy ebry day, sah."



"Then I want you to interpret a dream for me."

"Yes, sah."

"I can't win a bet at anything else; maybe I can beat policy."

"All right, sah."

"Well," began Tim, "to-day (I sleep in the day-time, you know) I dreamed I met a cross-eyed man."

"Dat's a hoodoo," said the coon.

"He carried a cotton umbrella under his arm."

"O Lord!" said the Dingo.

"He had the left hind leg of a graveyard rabbit in one hand and a yellow clarionette in the other."

"You're a dead man before morning," said the coon.

"Don't you ever think it," says Tim; "before my grandmother died she told me if I ever got hoodooed, to cast it out on the first black man that I saw, and as you are the first one, here goes." And he began making passes with his hands.

The negro's eyes began to roll, and he exclaimed: "Don't you do dat, white man; don't you do it; if you do, I sure will butt you."

Tim made no reply, but kept advancing. The coon gave one yell and tore for the door. We nearly died laughing. I went to the door,



but there was no sign of mister coon, so I went back.

"Holy smoke!" says Tim; "here comes another."

This coon was a young one, probably about twenty-five years old.

"Watch me land him," says Tim.

He makes the same stall and begins like this: "How would you like to make a little easy money, Buddy?"

"First rate, sah."

"Well, this will be easy coin for you. There will be a brand-new suit of clothes that will just about fit you, and a solid gold ring."

"Yes, sah."

"And about \$150 in money. All you have to do is to bring me the one fifty and I will give you 10 per cent of it."

"Yes, sah."

"Mr. Pratt," calls Tim, and offices me over.

"This young man is just the man you want," says Tim. "Mr. Pratt, Buddy, is the head of our faculty."

"Yes, sah."

"Now, Bud, of course you know where Rose Hill Cemetery is?"

"Yes, sah; I used to deliver groceries to Mr. Bob London out dere, sah."



"You don't mean to tell me that Bob is a dead one?"

"Oh, no, sah; he is alive."

"Well, Mr. Pratt will go with you out there, and all you will have to do (everything is all ready) will be to simply kick in the lid, put the grappling hook under his chin, yank him up, put him on your shoulder, carry him one hundred yards, and Mr. Pratt will do the rest."

The coon's eyes were rolling and he was on the verge of a spasm.

"What are you talking about, white man?"

"Why, robbing a grave, you fool. You're not afraid, are you? The worst that they can do if they catch you is to hang you."

The coon had been edging to the door all the time, and kept cracking: "No, no, white man; I don't want no 10 per cent, no dead man's clothes, no gold ring. Good-night." And he was gone like the Empire State Express.

We all laughed.

"Did you ever fail to connect, Tim?" I asked.

"Only once," says he; "an ordinary-looking Dingo came in here one night and I tried to throw the scare; never phased him. I half flashed, full flashed, counted him on twenty-eight; gave him the blow-off and the tare-off; he only played back over me, so I had to lay down my hand."



"I finally said, 'For Heaven's sake, who are you?'"

"He handed me his card, which read, 'Benjamin Thornton, Detective, Central Station, Indianapolis, Ind.'"

"He smoked the best cigar I had in the house. He was the smartest Dingie I ever met."

Just then in came several men.

"His pennies," says Tim, "the little skinny bloke; I hope he is there with the soft, so that I can get back at him."

Tim took their orders and came back to me.

"Who 're the two with him?" I asked.

"Two Dicks," replied Tim. "That tall, dark-complected fellow is a fly Bob from Cincinnati, named Herman Witte, and he is a wise fish. The other is Jimmy Bailey, of the Central, one of the smartest fly Bobs in Chicago, but their being with him wouldn't prevent me from dumping these pennies on him if he hands me a coarse note. I would slump them on him if I got a chance, even though Jack Shay or Billy Pinkerton was with him."

By that time the trio were through eating. I saw his spindles pick up the checks, and I very nearly fell dead when I saw him weed out a ten-spot and lay it on the counter. I nudged J. Arthur and he hunched me back. I saw Tim's eyes snap with joy, and I could almost hear him say, "At last!"



He copped the ten in his mitt, so as to be sure that it could not get away; then, with his bull con smile, said, "Excuse me," fished up his old turkey and opened it up, dumped the pennies out on the counter and began to count them out in piles and size them up.

"What are you doing?" says the Gee.

"I will have to give you your change in pennies," says Tim.

"All right," says the Gee; "you can count me out twenty-five of them."

"I will count you out all of them," says Tim.

"Oh, no, you won't," says the mark.

"Ain't they United States money?" asked Tim.

"Yes."

"Ain't they legal tender?"

"Yes," said the Gee, "they are legal tender for twenty-five cents; no more."

Tim looked at J. Arthur, myself, Bailey, then at Witte.

"Yes," we all four said at once; "that's right."

I remember I had heard it decided once before, but had forgotten all about it.

Tim gazed all around the room, first at one, then at the other, then fell to the floor in a dead faint.



## CARD 4.

Well, the money came the next day, and we called on Mr. Radford and all drove down town. The papers were all made out and the Rum Dum Lumber Company, Ltd., was incorporated and launched. Mr. Radford was a first-class business-man and attended to all the details. He made the contracts to have the five miles of track built, bought a second-hand locomotive, and made contracts with several large lumber firms to ship them his lumber, said lumber to be delivered after a certain number of days had elapsed.

In fact, having secured the necessary equipment, he proved to show wonderful tact and skill in managing the business. We both conversed with J. Arthur, who consented to go to Wisconsin with Mr. Radford. They were to leave Chicago the latter part of the week.

We bade Mr. Radford "Good-day" and returned home. As soon as we arrived at the office, Mr. Bemis handed me a telegram. Upon opening it, I found it to be a message from Mr. Onion, stating that my uncle, Scotty Bolen, had written to him asking if I was home in New York, to which Mr. Onion replied that I was in



Chicago; whereupon Uncle Scotty wrote again, asking for my address. Mr. Onion stated that he had sent him the desired information and that I might expect to see him in Chicago at almost any time.

Uncle Scotty was no relative of mine, but was a very intimate friend of my father's and was generally called "Uncle Scotty" by his associates.

When I was but a small lad, he once called on my father, and I remember what a funny little old man he was. He had given me a big Canadian one-cent piece and had told me to run out and buy myself some oranges and candy. After his departure, my father had asked me to always be kind to Uncle Scotty when I grew to man's estate and never to refuse him anything. I remembered it as though it were but yesterday. My father never had to tell me twice what he wished me to do.

J. Arthur 'phoned over to Miss Violet and asked her if she would go to the Columbia with him that evening, to which she acquiesced. He also invited me to accompany them, but as I intended going to the Olympic to see a vaudeville show, I declined, telling him that I would be over at Tim's until two or three o'clock; perhaps later.

I had gotten very fond of Tim; I liked his ways; he appeared so natural.



We walked down Monroe Street until we came to State Street. Passing by Peacock's jewelry store, I saw a watch in the window that struck my fancy, a beautiful Howard. I priced the timepiece—\$250. I purchased it at once, together with a nice chain. The chain cost me \$50. I stuck them in my pocket and walked out.

J. Arthur did not ask me what I intended to do with the purchase and I did not enlighten him. After we had eaten supper—I call it supper now; I formerly always called this meal dinner—we walked over to Madison Street and separated and I started for the Olympic.

On the way to the theater I got to thinking what an idler I was getting to be, and how slangy I was becoming in my ordinary talk. Only the other night, I had caught myself asking Tim, "Who was the Gee? and the mark? the Dinge?" and all of that stuff; and I made up my mind that, as far as I was concerned, I would cease using slang, once and for all.

After the show, I walked over to where Tim worked and, after an exchange of civilities, said: "Give me a cup of coffee and a piece of apple pie, Tim."

"Apple pie is dead; mince and peach are both cases," said Tim.

"You must have been playing faro bank, Tim."



"Playing the bank? Think I have; played it all my life and never beat it once.

"Well," says I, "I've often seen the game, but I know absolutely nothing about it. How do you play bank, Tim?"

"Well," said Tim, "you know the dealer shuffles the cards and puts them in the box."

"Yes."

"Well," continued Tim, "suppose you bet \$10 on the jack."

"Yes."

"Well, two jacks come along; dealer takes half of your money."

"Yes."

"Well, one Jack comes along; dealer takes it all."

"Oh! I see; just as clear as mud—after you see through it."

"That's the I."

"Who's the priest sitting over at the table?"

"Priest? That's no priest; that's Eddie Mines, of Detroit."

"Well," says I, "he looks like a priest; what does he do, anyway?"

"Oh!" says Tim, "he is introducing some kind of a new separator; it is a great money-maker."

"And the gray-headed man, the other man with him?"



"Oh! that is Frank Tripplett; everyone calls him 'Trip'; he is the inventor of the patent milker, also a great money-making device."

"And the other two?"

"Well," says Tim, "the one opposite Mines is Kent Marshall. He is a crank on electricity; he sells more electric belts than any one man in the country. Marshall's favorite expression is 'git up.' The last of the four, the one with the big fierce pirate moustache is Ed Kirby, a retired farmer of Logansport, Indiana. He also has been a great traveler."

Just then a man with a watch-chain as big as a saw-log chain and a diamond—or, as Tim afterward called it, a prop—as big as a hickory nut, walked up to the table and shook hands all around.

"Alderman, I suppose," says I.

"No," says Tim, "that's big Jack O'Brien; promoter—or showman, rather. He is the man that first introduced the striped gazabo. He is also the first man that ever had the ring-tailed rouser. Box-cars are called after John O'Brien. You have frequently heard them called 'John O's.' I suppose they are called after him because they are so big. The first time that I ever saw Jack was several years ago at a fair held at Monticello, Illinois. He, Tom Curry and big Jerry Douglas were there broke. They



had a big tent, but no money; no attractions; so they went and got a big common rooster and put him in the coop in the center of the tent. Jerry and Jack got on the outside and left Tom on the inside and made the greatest Ballyhoo of their lives, as they were both swell spielers. Of course, all the gang shilled in and ducked right out on the other side of the tent. I stuck, as I wanted to see the blow-off. Well, the crowd kept getting larger and larger; there was nothing to see only the dunghill and Curry. The latter was standing with one arm resting on the side of the coop. The chumps looked like a bunch of lost sheep in Oklahoma. Finally, one chump goes up to Tom and says, 'What have you got there?'

"'A rooster,' says Tom.

"'What kind?' says the Rum.

"'A Yuhooda,' says Tom.

"'Well,' says Mr. Rube, 'what is there so wonderful about him?'

"'Why,' says Tom, 'I killed his father.'

"'Well, it was pretty soft going in Monty, but they wouldn't stand for that show, and they all had to tear for the stumps. I never did find out what became of the rooster.'

The gentlemen all got up and left.

I asked Tim if the restaurant was a good one for making money, and he answered that it was



one of the best in Chicago; that the day trade was simply immense and the night trade fair. He said that the place cleared anywhere from forty to fifty dollars per day.

I liked Tim very much, so I said to him: "Tim, do you think the prop would sell out this place?"

Tim replied that he did not know, but that he supposed that the prop was like most any other man—he would sell if he got enough for it.

I therefore said: "Tim, how would you like to own this place?"

Tim looked at me; then slowly said: "Mr. Rum Dum, do I look like a crazy man?"

"No," said I.

"Well," said Tim, "then I will tell you why. If I owned this place, I would be either dead crazy or in the penitentiary inside of six weeks."

"How's that," said I.

"Well," he replied, "if I owned the place, I would make—say anywhere from forty to fifty dollars per day."

"Yes," said I.

"Well," said Tim, "I would have good credit and inside of two weeks I would have this joint on the high card, and not only that, but I would owe everyone in Chicago from whom I could borrow. I never would get out of debt. No,



*no.* As it is, I get fifteen dollars per week. I don't owe anyone anything that I cannot pay and I am contented. I am all right the way it is, but I would be all wrong if I owned the joint."

"All right, Tim," said I; "of course you know best."

Then I drew out the watch and handed it to him with the remark: "Here's a little present I got you to-day."

Tim took it out of my hand. His face lit up and he answered: "Mr. Rum Dum, whatever possessed you to buy me such a nice present?"

I replied: "Because it pleased me."

Tim spoke up and said: "Well, it is a beaut and I will try and keep it. I never could keep a nice watch before; the only kind of a watch that I could ever keep was an Ingersoll dollar watch. But," he added, "I will always keep this one, no matter what happens."

I did not tell him what I had paid for the trinket.

Just then a lone female came in the place, stepped up to Tim, and said: "Excuse me, but do you keep ham?"

"Yes," replied Tim.

"Well, I wish to get a penny's worth of ham and two pennies' worth of rolls. We are just doing light housekeeping, you know."



Tim very nearly fell dead, but recovered and came right back with: "Am very sorry; I am short on ham; am also out of rolls; but I'll tell you where you can get what you want. Just go to the alley here; go up the alley three blocks till you come to No. 5 Calhoun Place—that's Billy Boyle's—tell them that Big Bunk sent you and they will not only let you have what you want, but they will deliver it for you."

"Oh!" answered the girl, "I would not ask them to deliver it, although I only live a few blocks from here—corner Halstead and Quincy—but if they *would* only deliver it, I could go to a dance on the North Side. My husband does not like to have me go to dances, but, you bet your life, I would not give up going to dances for the best man on earth."

I noticed, whenever she spoke, that her teeth were all shot to pieces; no good ones.

"Thanks, ever so much." And she shot a killing glance at Tim and tripped out the door.

We both looked toward the door. Then Tim said: "Wasn't she a bird? Did you notice all the furniture she had missing out of her front parlor? Well, she will get what she wants at Boyle's—the least order they serve there is \$1.10."

Just then four young fellows came in the place. They all spoke to Tim, who seated them



and brought them what they ordered. When Tim came back, I said to him: "Tim, you seem to know most everyone; do you know Carter Harrison?"

"Know him?" replied Tim; "well, I should say I did. His dog and our dog used to play together."

"Well," says I.

"Well," says Tim, "that's pretty good, isn't it? You didn't expect me to tell you that we used to play leap-frog together, did you?"

I looked at Tim to see if he was stringing me, but *no*. He was evidently telling me the truth. Still, I could not tell just when Tim was telling me the truth and when he was lying.

The four got up and left.

"Who are they?" I asked of Tim.

Tim replied: "Oh! they are fair-ground grafters. They never do anything here in Chicago, but make their money outside of town and come here to spend it. The first one that went out was Chappie Moore; the one after him was a fellow named Baller; the third was Wally Size. The fourth one was Sheeny Heck. I never heard him knock anyone. He might say that a man was a stiff or a lob, or that he could not grab a handful of water out of a river, but knock—never. He came in here the other night and was a trifle excited. He started in to tell me



what a lot of piking stiff's John W. Gates, Rockefeller and Pierpont Morgan were, and that he would have money when they were all starving to death. He said, 'I am almost famished;' pushed two or three people to one side and said, 'Tim, give me a glass of milk and a cream puff.' He leaned over confidentially and asked, 'Can you cash a check for me for \$8,000?'

I answered: 'Why, Heck, I never seen that much money at one time in all my life.'

"'Well,' says he, 'let me take fifty cents till I see Tom McGinniss.'

"'That's more like it,' says I, as I handed him the half.

After he had taken his departure, I observed a small card of black molasses which he had left—at least that was what I judged it to be. I intended to put it in the register and keep it for him, but neglected to do so. Just then in came a big hobo—not a yegg, but a Bo; mopes up to me and says: 'What chances for a feed? I just got out of a John O—came from Cinci.'

"Well, you know, I always did have a soft spot in my heart for a hungry mortal, so I gets him a piece of steak, some Java and a plate of cakes—a party had just left. I goes over the other side of the room to take another order, and when I came back, I found that the Bo had



glomed Heck's sample of molasses off of the five of spades and had it spread on his cakes. It made me a trifle mad, but I did not say anything, as I thought it was but a sample and that Heck could get plenty more. After he had gotten through with his meal, the Bo got up, stretched, and got quite talkative.

"'I guess you don't know who I am,' says he; 'well, I am good people. Dere's a Moll in Dunkirk dat's crazy to marry me and she's wort four hundred thousand plunks, but I passed her up. I would not let any Moll tell me where to head in—see? I am going down to South Bend to-morrow to join out some of dat Lake Shore push and jump out in Kansas and puff peters. I knows a safe out in Downs, Kansas, wid \$2,700 in it. It's a little bit of a box in a boarding-house. All dis cush was left dere by de grafters for board—and it's still dere.'

"He got so strong that I had to throw him out.

"About ten minutes later Sheeny Heck came back and exclaimed to me: 'Say, Tim, when I left here, I left behind a card of hop; did you see anything of it?'

"'I saw a card of black molasses—if that is what you mean—it was on the five spot of spades.'



“‘What!’ fairly screamed Heck, ‘the five of spades? are you sure it was the five of spades? was it not some other card?’

“‘No,’ said I, ‘it was the five of spades—there it lays on the floor—see?’ says I.

“‘The copper card,’ muttered Heck.

“‘No,’ said I, ‘I tell you it was the five of spades.’

“‘Why,’ exclaimed Heck, ‘that wasn’t molasses—it was dope—opium.’

“‘What!’ says I.

“‘Yes,’ says Heck. ‘Where is it?’

“‘Why,’ says I, ‘a hobo saw it lying there and spread it on his cakes, thinking it was molasses. No wonder he wanted to buy this place out.’

“‘Is that right?’ exclaimed Heck.

“‘As sure as you’re standing there,’ I answered.

“‘Well,’ said Heck, looking me squarely in the eye, ‘if that’s on the dead, there’s a vote that Hinky Dink will never get.’”



## CARD 5.

The next day J. Arthur and Mr. Radford left for Wisconsin. Miss Violet, her brother and myself went to the depot and saw him off. J. Arthur and I had spent most all of the a. m. buying fishing tackle. J. Arthur had also bought himself a handsome rifle. I noticed that he and Miss Violet were getting quite intimate, and for my part, I was very glad to observe it. Nothing could have pleased me more than to see J. Arthur and Miss Ethridge wed, and in case they did, I would make J. Arthur a present of the money I had advanced him for his wedding-gift.

After the train had steamed out, I bade Miss Violet and Paul adieu and repaired to the Richelieu, where I found Uncle Scotty waiting to see me. Although I had not seen him since I was a little boy, I knew him at a glance, as he had not changed a particle. I made myself known to him. He was very glad to see me and had a great deal to tell me. I had seen Bobby Gaylor at one of the theaters a few nights previously, and the resemblance between the two was so marked, both in looks and in their con-



versation, that I could hardly tell the two apart had they been together.

Uncle Scotty was so loud in his talk that I stalled him over to the Leland, and we sat down at a table and I ordered a quart of wine. After it had been served and before he had even tasted it, he said to me: "Dudley, me boy, and what's that?"

"Why, Uncle Scotty, that's wine — champagne."

"And what does it cost?"

"Four dollars."

He was sitting at the table toying with his glass. When I told him the price, he jumped up from the table and spoke so loud that the attention of everyone in the place was attracted: "Why, Dudley, me boy, I'm nigh onto fifty years old and I've got sixty thousand dollars in the bank, but I never took a drink of champagne wine in all me life."

"Oh! that's all right, Uncle Scotty—I have plenty of money and I prefer champagne to any other drink."

"Well," said Uncle Scotty, "you can drink all the wine you like, but for my part, I will take a little rye."

"All right, Uncle Scotty; take whatever you desire."



He ordered the whisky, and as he tossed it off he said to me: "Dudley, me boy, call me Scotty—just plain *Scotty*—not *Uncle* Scotty or Mr. Bolen, but just *Scotty*—that's what everyone calls me."

"All right," says I. "When did you arrive and where are you stopping?"

"Well, I got here this a. m. and I am rooming at the Grace Hotel, and I eat wherever I find a good restaurant—rooms are mighty high, but a man can eat as cheap here as he could possibly in Pittsburg—if one only looked around a bit."

We got up and left the place and went over on State Street and dropped in several places and had several more drinks. I observed at a glance that Scotty could punish a quantity of liquor, and I further observed that it did not seem to have any ill effects on him. We walked down State Street and when opposite the Palmer House we ran into Mr. Tim Sullivan. We stopped and I made Tim acquainted with Uncle Scotty. Tim proposed that we walk over to Chapin & Gore's and get a drink. We did so, and after this one had been followed by several more, I proposed that we go in the café and have something to eat, so we meandered in and sat down. Scotty was taking in everything.



I got a chance to whisper to Tim that Uncle Scotty was very peculiar and for him not to pay any attention to his little peculiarities. I told Tim to order for all three of us, which he did. He ordered three porterhouse steaks, French peas and coffee.

In the meanwhile Scotty was telling me all the news—that he had come to Chicago on a short visit; that he intended to stay a week or so; that he then was going up in Michigan, some place in the copper country, to see one of his sisters, whom he had not seen for over twenty years. He asked if Mr. Sullivan had any relatives in McKeesport, Pa. Uncle Scotty said that he knew a number of Sullivans in Pennsylvania; that one—Mike Sullivan, of Pittsburg—owed him \$8.30 bar bill. Scotty asked Tim if this Sullivan was any relative of his. Tim winked at me and said that Mike Sullivan was an uncle of his, and Tim further stated that he had a number of relations in Pennsylvania, but that they were all blacklegs and rascals. Tim asked Scotty if Mike was a puddler, to which Scotty answered in the affirmative. “That’s him,” said Tim.

By this time the steaks had arrived and we all started in to eat, but before we had a chance to cut into them, Scotty was there with his everlasting: “And what kind of a steak do you call this?”



"Oh!" said I, "that's a porterhouse."

"And what does such a steak as that cost?"

"Oh!" said I, "they cost \$1.25 for one steak."

"Why, mon, I'm nigh onto fifty years old and I've got sixty thousand dollars in the bank, and I never ate a portther stake in all me life. There's ten in me family and a dime's worth of round steak is all they iver get, and that's enough."

Scotty was talking so loudly that everyone in the place was glancing our way. I grabbed him by the coat and pulled him down in the chair and said to him: "That's all right, Scotty; I will pay for the suppers."

"No," said he, "I pay for me own meals—no one can say that Scotty Bolen ever sponged off of his friends."

I finally got him quieted. Then Tim winked at me and said: "Let him eat one of those nice T-bone sirloins."

"And how much do they cost?" inquired Scotty.

I winked at Tim, who replied: "Oh! they cost ten cents and the coffee costs five—fifteen cents, all told."

"And are they nice," asked Scotty.

"Nice?" ejaculated Tim, "why they are as good as any piece of round steak you ever ate in your life."



"All right," said Scotty, "but I would sooner have a nice round steak; then I know I am getting something good."

The steaks were served, and while we were eating I told Scotty to give me fifteen cents and I would pay for the suppers. He did so and remarked that Tim had told the truth regarding the steak—that it was the finest steak he had ever eaten in his life. He inquired again the name of the place. We told him and he said he would not forget. We both thought he desired the number of the place so that he could tell his family what a fine steak he had gotten for ten cents in Chicago when he got back home.

He seemed to take a fancy to Tim, and he asked him if the saloon did much business, to which Tim answered in the affirmative.

Scotty stated that he owned a good paying saloon in Pittsburg on Smithfield Street, that it wasn't as fine a saloon as the one in which we were, but that he would wager that it did just as large a volume of business.

He inquired of Tim if he knew how much per week the bartenders received.

Tim winked at me and replied: "Oh! they get pretty good pay—some of them make as much as \$15 per week."



"Well," said Scotty, "that's what I call throwing money away; I have as fine a bartender as there is in the city of Pittsburg, and I only pay him \$4 per week. Of course," continued Scotty, "I have a fine lunch-counter and he gets his meals and his room gratis. I don't believe in paying big wages for nothing, and tending bar is all play. All a mon has to do is to hand over the bottle and draw the beer. Tapping a keg of beer is nothing—it is not like working in the steel mills. No, indeed."

Scotty continued: "I know Andrew Carnegie very well. I knew him when he was a poor mon. He is a fine mon, but he isn't a bit better mon than I be. He may have more money than I have and he may wear better clothes than I do, but I will bet that he does not live any better. I know Andrew Carnegie does not have any better furniture in his house than I do in mine. Why, mon alive," says Scotty, "I've got a pianow that cost me \$800; it has one of those patent things to it which you wind up, then it will play by itself. Do you mean to tell me that Andrew Carnegie has any one thing in his house that cost any more than \$800? No."

Scotty continued: "This is how I happened to buy that pianow: I have a neighbor named Kiser, who lives next door to us. He, like myself, formerly was a puddler. I have made



as high as \$18 per day, and Kiser never made over \$16. Well, we both saved our money and finally quit working at the mills. We both got property adjoining—that is, we got our homes so that we could be neighbors. We each have a number of houses and lots which we rent out. Kiser put most all of his capital into real estate, while I bought a fine saloon with some of mine. Since we have discontinued working at the mills we have both made considerable money, though I think Kiser has made the most. People say that he is worth \$200,000, but I have my doubts about this. Well, as I was saying, we got our homes adjoining, but I have not seen Kiser for over six months. Some of the neighbors say that he has gotten the swell-head since he has accumulated so much wealth, but I would not believe them till a few weeks ago. I wanted to borrow a lawnmower, and so I stepped over to his place and a servant-girl came to the door. I asked her if Mr. Kiser was at home and she flippantly rejoined: ‘No, indeed; Mr. Kazaar lives here, but he is not at home.’

“‘Who?’ I asked.

“‘Mr. Kazaar,’ she replied.

“It made me mad to think that just because a mon had money he should become ashamed



of his own name and should therefore change it, so I told her to tell Mr.—whatever that name was she called him, I would not say it if I could—that Mr. B-a-g-o-l-e-n had been to segee him and had legeft, and that he would segee him some other tigime.

“After I got home, I got to talking to Agnes—Agnes is me wife—and I told her the incident, and it made her as mad as it did me. We both made up our minds that we would show Mr.—I will not say that other name; I refer to the mon Kiser—that we had money as well as he. We accordingly took Helen (Helen is our daughter) up to the music store and bought her the finest pianow in the store, and the mon showed Helen how to wind it up. And if I do say it myself—not because she is me own daughter—that for a young garul Helen knows as much about machinery as any garul you ever saw in all your life.

“Well, we had the pianow put up in the front parlor, and Helen wound it up and made it play from eight o’clock in the a. m. until ten o’clock at night. It made Kiser so mad and jealous that, just before I left, I heard one of my neighbors remark that Kiser was going to move into one of his other houses.

“I heard this, too: that Kiser uses the cheapest coffee—only pays ten cents per pound for it.

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Now, I don't believe in using cheap coffee; I pay twelve cents per pound for what I use. I believe in using the best."

"Right you are, Scotty, says Tim; "the best is none too good for you."

I glanced at my watch to see what time it was, but it had run down; so I said to Tim: "What time have you, Tim?"

Tim looked foolish and said: "Well, Mr. Rum Dum, I was out to the race-track yesterday and I bet \$15 on Fan King in the first race and lost it. It was all I had. I waited till the fourth race, when I pawned my watch for \$10 and bet that on Maid Marian and likewise lost that. I always did admire Maid Marian."

"Well," said I, "to whom did you pawn the timepiece? Tell me, and I will take it out for you. That's a pretty good watch—a Howard, and I paid \$300 for it, with the chain."

"What!" said Tim, "\$300?"

"Certainly," said I. "Whom did you let have it?"

Tim looked very crestfallen and replied: "Search me. I have seen the fellow two or three times, but I do not know his name."

"Well," said I, "after this, whenever you want money, let me know and I will let you have it."



Tim replied: "Well, Mr. Rum Dum, you wasn't out to the race-track, so I borrowed the money from the first man I met whom I knew had money. He had quite a bunch of dough in his hand, and so I asked him to loan me \$10 on my watch and to bring the watch to the restaurant any night after 9 o'clock and I would give him \$12 for it back again. I had never looked at the works myself, but the minute *he* looked at the works, he handed me the \$10 and remarked, 'All right.' I told you, you will remember, Mr. Rum Dum, that I never could keep a good watch over a week at a time."

"Oh! I am not mad; only after this, whenever you desire money don't fail to ask me for any sum you wish, and you shall have it."

We were through our suppers and I picked up the checks. I also picked up Scotty's—handed the waiter \$5 and whispered to him to pay for our suppers and to keep the change. Scotty had not seen his check, which was \$1.45. Mine called for \$1.50 and so did Tim's. After we had passed out on the street, Scotty took a good look at the place and said: "I won't forget that place."

As we walked down Monroe Street a man came staggering toward us. I spoke to Tim and observed: "That fellow has a pretty good jag."



"That's what he has," replied Tim, "but you have got him pegged wrong. He is not full of booze, as you suppose, but is full of hop, or coke."

"What!" said I, "not drunk?"

"No," said Tim, "that's Puffy Red, and he is either full of opium or cocaine."

"And does opium or cocaine make a man stagger like that?" I rejoined.

"Some people it does," replied Tim; "that is, if they take enough of it—that Gee is loaded to the guards."

"Say, Tim," says I, "did you ever hit the pipe?"

"Yes," said Tim, "several times in my life, though I never had the yen-yen or habit. I was only a pleasure smoker."

"And," said I, "do you really know anyone that smokes opium?"

"Hundreds of them," said Tim.

"And will you take me some time and let me see them smoke?"

"Yes," said Tim; "I know a fellow named Red Jack Wilson over on the West Side, and I will lay off some night and will not only take you over there and let you see them smoke, but will fix it so that you can smoke also."

"Oh!" said I, "I do not want to smoke. I only want to see others smoke. Besides, I might



acquire the habit myself should I indulge once."

"No danger," said Tim; "once, twice, or a dozen times would not make you a habitual smoker. You would have to smoke every day for six months or a year before you would crave it, and besides, Red Jack is very sensitive. If I took you over there and you did not smoke, he would get offended and the chances are that he would not let us stay in the room. I am your friend, Mr. Rum Dum, and I would not take you up there if by hitting it once you would ever become a user of the drug. I would rather cut off my right arm than to do you any harm.

"In going up here you will meet some very rich characters—different from any you have ever previously met in all your life."

"All right, Tim," said I; "if that's the case, I will go you one if I lose." (Here was a chance to see life; why not accept it?)

I told him to lay off some night and to fix it with Red Jack for myself and Scotty to be present—that I desired that Scotty should accompany us.

Of course we would not tell Scotty that the drug was opium, but would lead him to believe that he was smoking something else. During this interview Scotty had been in a cigar-store purchasing some smoking tobacco. We hap-



pened to glance up and espied Scotty approaching. When he came up I inquired of him: "Did you get what you wished?"

"No," said he, "that makes about ten places I have been into to get Mail Pouch, but I can not get any."

"Oh!" said Tim, "we people in Chicago don't smoke a pipe on the street. When we desire to smoke a pipe, about fifteen or twenty of us get together in someone's room and we all smoke *Liaune*."

"What's that?" asked Scotty.

"Oh!" said Tim, "that's a new smoke. I was just talking to Mr. Rum Dum about laying off some night and all going over on the West Side to a friend of mine and smoke. Do you wish to go along?"

"And what will it cost?" asked Scotty.

"Nothing," said Tim.

"Oh! but that will be sponging," said Scotty.

"Not a-tall," said Tim; "it will be an invitation affair, and if anyone offered to pay, it would insult Mr. Wilson."

"And is Dudley going?"

"Of course," said I.

"Then," said Scotty, "of course I will go."

And Tim said he would see Red Jack and arrange matters. We then parted for the night.

I promised to call at the restaurant the next



night. I purchased two tickets for the Grand, and I enjoyed watching Scotty's looks of surprise more than I did the show.



## CARD 6.

The next day I did not get up until about 1 o'clock. I expected to find Scotty in the office when I came down, but he was not there, so after I had partaken of a light repast, I started over to the Grace Hotel, at which place Scotty was stopping. I asked the clerk if Mr. Bolen was in his room. He smiled and answered, "Yes; room 19," and rapped on the door.. A faint voice called, "Come in." I opened the door, and what a sight! There was Scotty propped up in bed; both of his eyes were closed and his face was considerably swollen. A bottle of whisky stood on a chair alongside the bed—also some liniment. He looked the picture of despair.

I spoke up and said, "Why, what's the matter, Scotty?"

"Matter?" said he; "oh! nothing a-tall, I guess. Look at me face."

"Who did it?" I asked.

"Oh! there were three or four in on the deal," he replied. "You know that place where we ate dinner yesterday—Chapin & Gore's."

"Yes," I observed.



"Well, you remember the kind of steak I ate yesterday—the one you called a T steak."

"T-bone," said I.

"Yes," said Scotty. "Well, I went there this morning and sat down at the table and ordered one of them and also a cup of coffee—the same as I ate yesterday for fifteen cents. Well, it was certainly fine, and after I had finished, the waiter wrote me out a piece of paper, same as he did you yesterday. Well, I handed him fifteen cents, and he thanked me and told me to pay the check at the cashier's desk. I asked him what he meant, and he pointed to a man who sat behind a desk at the front of the establishment, and told me to pay me check to him.

"What check?" I asked.

"The check for your meal," said he.

"The money that I gave you, you chump, was for me meal—that fifteen cents."

"Why," says he, "what do you take this place for, anyway? a friendly inn or the Salvation Army barracks? The check for what you ate comes to \$1.20—T-bone, \$1.10; coffee, 10 cents; total, \$1.20."

"Why," said I, "what do you take me for? I ate the same thing in here yesterday for fifteen cents." He said I was crazy. I told him that he was a blackleg and a rascal. Just then



three or four waiters came up and he told them to throw me out, and they pushed and shoved me until they got me on the outside of the place. Just then a big policeman came up and the waiter told him I was a deadbeat. I called the waiter a liar. The officer told me to shut up. I told his majesty that he was no better than the rest of them, and that I could lick any officer in Chicago. That was the only mistake I made. The officer grabbed me and I struck him, and you see the result. The officer called the patrol-wagon and took me to the Harrison Street Police Station. Court was being held at the time I arrived, and he took me up before the judge and told him I was the notorious Martin Rafferty that had been up so many times in front of him. The judge said that he remembered me very distinctly. He then fined me \$21.95, and told me if I was brought up before him again, he would hang me. They made me pay me fine, and then hustled me out without letting me say a word in me own defense."

"Well, Scotty," said I, "that was my fault, so I will stand for your fine."

"No," said Scotty; "I pay me own fine."

"Well," said I, "let me send you a nurse."

"No," said Scotty; "it don't amount to anything and I have already had a good doctor."

"Well," said I, "I will stay here in the



room with you this afternoon," and I did so. I filled Scotty up on whisky and remained in the room until about 1 a. m. He was sleeping soundly when I took my departure.

I had drunk considerable whisky myself, and decided that I would walk over to Tim's and converse with him a while before going to bed. I had seen Tim on Clark Street that afternoon with another party when I had been out purchasing some fruit. He was on the opposite side of the street and did not observe me, his attention being otherwise diverted. I was just full enough to feel pretty good, and as I entered the place I burst out with:

"Who was the swell-looking old pap I saw you walking down South Clark Street with this afternoon, Tim?"

"Who do you mean? The one that had the yen hok on his shoulder?" asked Tim.

"I did not see him carrying anything on his shoulder," I rejoined, "but he looked to be very prosperous."

"Oh!" says Tim, "he wasn't anyone at all, I guess, only the mayor of Pennsylvania; that's all."

"The mayor of Pennsylvania?" I asked.

"Yep," said Tim.

"Say, Tim, what is a yen hok?"



"I don't know, only that it is some kind of a Chinese tool or instrument. The Chinese are great people," observed Tim. "They also invented the suey poi," he continued.

I looked hard at Tim—was it possible that he was stringing me? Somehow or other, I had got to doubting Tim here lately. Everybody has his likes and dislikes, and I disliked nothing more than a liar. No matter how much I cared for anyone, the moment that I caught him in a lie, that moment did he become repulsive to me. I am not like a married woman—always trying to catch her husband in a lie; then when she does catch him, she is sorry she caught him. But nevertheless, I decided to set a trap for Tim, and if my suspicions turned out to be correct, I would mark him off my list.

Tim continued: "See that fellow over at that table, sitting all by himself—that's Harry Heilborn, one of the best known hotel clerks west of the Rockies. He has been employed in a great many hotels throughout the West. He is also a clever amateur minstrel performer. He is now with Col. Newton, at Livingston, Montana."

As Tim stepped out in the kitchen to roast the cook, I walked over to the table at which Mr. Heilborn was sitting and spoke thusly:



"Excuse me, but is not this Mr. Ruggles, of Salt Lake City, Utah?" I asked.

"No, sir; my name is Heilborn. I am from Livingston, Montana."

I made my apology and went back to my accustomed seat. Dear old Tim, how did I ever doubt you? I would never doubt him again—no, *never*.

Tim again entered with the remark: "Come here, Dudley. I want to introduce you to several of my friends." And he took me over to a table at which five young fellows were sitting.

"All my friends," says Tim. "Shake hands with Johnny Daily, Mr. Rum Dum."

We shook.

"Jimmy Blake; Pardee; Jimmy Humphrey; Slim Sullivan."

I took a seat alongside the rest. Just then in came two little dried-up specimens and took a seat near by. Tim did not go near them.

"There's Guttersnipe Jack," says Slim to me.

"Who is he?" I asked.

"I don't know his partner," says Slim, "but Jack is a case-keeper at Hankin's gambling-house, 134 South Clark Street. He gets \$3 per night keeping cases and he has \$3,000 or \$4,000 in the bank. And," continued Slim, "he never ate a square meal in all his life. Over at Brockway & McKee's they have big tables on



which there are large bowls of jam, pickles, and pyramids of bread that go with the meals. Well, Jack used to go in and order a cup of coffee and glom everything in sight—celery tops—in fact, he passed nothing by—and then walk up and pay five cents. They finally got next to him and barred him out. It would not be so bad if he had a large family, or if he was saving his money to pay off a mortgage, but *no*—he is *stingy*. Some day he will drop dead, and if they ever cut him open, they will find more junk in him than they would inside of an ostrich or a billy goat.”

Tim finally stalls up to their table. The little fellow with Jack says: “Ve wants two cups of coffee.”

“Well,” rejoins Tim, “you can’t get them here.”

“Vy not?”

“Well, I don’t want to serve you,” says Tim.

“Ain’t our money as good as anyone’s?”

“No,” said Tim; “it is poison.”

They kicked so hard that Tim picked them both up and threw them out, the little fellow never ceasing to exclaim, “Ve vill see; ve vill see.”

As Tim pushed them through the door he rejoined, “To the tall weeds with the both of you—I don’t want your game.”



Tim came back to the table with the remark, "I guess that settles them."

I found Slim Sullivan a very smart young fellow, well versed in history ancient and modern. He was telling of the defense of Thermopylæ by the Greeks, and he had the Romans piled up ten or fifteen high, when in rushed a short young fellow, accompanied by a consumptive-looking fellow. Stepping up to Slim, the short one exclaimed: "Say, Slim, I want you to decide an argument Mocking Bird and I had as to whether dried prunes are a proper diet for the Swedes."

Slim got angry and said: "Go ask Patsy King. He's an epicure. And I want to tell you one thing. After this, when you and Nigger Bob, Ben Gordon or any of the rest of you have any arguments or bets to decide, go to Curt Gunn or Sandy Clark. I am sick and tired of deciding bets; from henceforth the black flag is up. The next thing some of you dubs will be asking will be: 'Say, Slim, how big is a piece of chalk?' To the high brush with you, small dog; fade away."

Just then in comes the little Dutchman.

"I wants some coffee," says he.

Tim promptly threw him out.

"He is stronger than horseradish, isn't he?"

The little Dutchman yelled, "Ve vill see; ve will see."



Slim and his party got up and went out.

Another party of four came in.

"Grafters," said Tim.

"Who are they?" said I, as they seated themselves at the table.

"Wait till I take their orders," said Tim.

When Tim came back, he remarked: "There's quite a bunch of money getters—George Burton, St. Paul, Bob Geventa, Naw Lens, Kentuck and the Indiana Wonder. Bob is an awful diamond fiend."

"Why," I observed, "he has but one diamond on."

"Well," says Tim, "all I know is what Kentuck told me. Kentuck told me that Bob told him confidentially that everyone had his hobby and that his was diamonds. Kentuck has a girl named Fi Fi. I won't tell you where she lives, but that girl loves him to death. It seems that Kentuck promised her a pair of sealskin earrings, or something or other, and he wrote her about thirty letters, when he finally received an answer which ran thus:

"Got all your letters. Am very lonesome. Don't forget my present. Yours, *Fi Fi*."

"Well," I remarked, "she certainly *did* love him."

"Loved him to death," says Tim.



"But the Wonder,," continues Tim, "there is a jewel. Why," says Tim, "he makes all his money playing faro bank and loses it paying railroad fare and hotel bills looking for places to work."

"Why, he must be a wonder," I rejoined.

"Wonder?" says Tim, "why I saw him win 153 straight bets playing faro bank at Ft. Smith, Ark., at twelve and a half and twenty-five whip; sawed every turn and beat every last turn. The nearest he came to losing a bet was: he had \$12.50; bet between the nine and ten and beat them both. He was winning so many bets that he could not keep track of them; or, in other words, he was catching them faster than he could string them. As I said, he left \$25, bet between the nine and ten. They were both marked dead on the cases. Well, believe me or not, a dead nine, the nine of spades, came popping along, and he won \$25. He never expected to win. At the same time, Bread-wagon John lost four \$1.25 bets and he wanted to lick everyone in the house. Bread-wagon once owned a bread-wagon and he bet it on John L. Sullivan when he fought Corbett. and he always swore Sullivan threw him off. Well, it cost Ed Staley \$10 for drinks to quiet John down. The Wonder finally drew out; quit \$1,700 winner. I said to him, 'Roy, what are you going to do with all that money?' He



had only been playing a couple of hours. He gaped, stretched, rubbed his nose once or twice, and drawled out, 'Well, Tim, I am going to take this money and buy my little dog a blanket — poor little fellow! he has been shivering lately.' ”

They paid their tab and left.

As they took their departure in came a couple of Tim's friends.

Tim said: "I want to introduce you to a couple of my friends, Dudley. Shake hands with Mr. Leah. Mr. Leah runs a restaurant at Rockford, Illinois, and he is a swell chef. Leah can cook a Spanish stew so that every hair on your head will stand straight up and say, 'Thanks.' ”

Mr. Leah did not deny the impeachment.

"This other gent is Mr. Al Dundas. Mr. Dundas is one of our leading painters," whispered Tim, "and he is worth a quart of vermillion."

Great heavens! did my ears deceive me? Did Tim say "a quart of vermillion" or "a quarter of a million"? Must have been the latter, as any painter is worth a quart of vermillion. I sized Mr. Dundas up. He did not look \$250,000 to me; still, it is hard to judge people nowadays. I wished that doubt about Tim's fibbing to me would not enter my mind at such intervals.

We were telling Leah and Dundas about the



little Dutchman, when in he comes, accompanied by five or six of his friends. He rushed up to Tim with his hands waving like windmills, his eyes all ablaze, and fairly shouted: "Kill me; kill me; I have vitnesses." I saw a quick look pass between Tim and Dundas. Tim paid not the slightest attention to the little Dutchman, but said to Dundas: "I say I didn't."

"I say you did."

"You are a liar."

"You are another."

Tim rushed behind the counter and grabbed a butcher-knife two feet in length. Dundas whipped out a Gatt as long as the knife. They got the little Dutchman between them. Tim flourished the knife. Dundas snapped the gun. All the time Tim was swearing he would cut Dundas' heart out and drink his blood. Dundas swore he would shoot Tim's eyes out. Leah grabbed the Dutchman, split him out, and rushed him to the door, shouting, "Let's get out of here before we are killed; you go that way and I'll go this." Leah came back and we all laughed.

"Aren't you afraid that he will come back with a Bull?" says I.

"No danger," rejoined Tim; and I guess he was right, as they made it so strong that I caught



myself becoming frightened too, as I began to think the fight might be on the square.

Just then a woebegone-looking young fellow came in. He was poorly dressed and had his arm in a sling. He walked up to Tim and says: "Can you spare me a few pennies? I just arrived in the city this evening from the Illinois Steel Mills, at which place I've been working. I got me arm burnt wid hot metal."

"Wid hot metal?" repeats Tim.

"Youse can see for yourself," continues the fellow, as he unties the sling. He was burned pretty badly. He had a sore on his arm as big as a silver dollar. I reached in my pocket for a piece of silver, but Tim shook his head.

Tim got between the Punk and the door. "So you burnt your arm, did you?" And he made a grab for the arm. "You dirty gay cat."

"Don't," says the kid.

"Shut up," rejoins Tim. "You never saw the steel mills. You put that bug on yourself. That's Phila Slim's work. Whose Pesky are you?" And Tim got fierce.

"I ain't got no Burly," says the Punk.

"Who does you know? Does you know Cinci Bob, or does you know Balto Tom, Peoria Slim, Chi Fatty? Does you know the Hundred Dollar Day Kid? No? Then you are a fuzz-tail," says Tim.



The young fellow was a-sniffing by this time.

"I knows Cleveland Shorty," says the kid.

"You knows that cat, does you? It is a wonder you didn't come in here and try to lay me down a hoop—your dead sister's wedding-ring. Bah!" continues Tim; "I'll give you just an hour to get out of here, and if I catch you around here agin, I'll put Big Steve onto you, and Steve will sap the life out of you. Steve is my friend. He would even go across the street off of his beat to favor me, and that's more than he would do for anyone else on earth."

The kid started for the door, when Tim stopped him by saying, "Have you scoffed yet?"

"Yes; I ate about an hour ago."

"Have you got a flop yet?"

"Yes; down at Billy Major's, on Fourth Ave."

"Got any dough?"

"Yes; eight five meg. I just thought I'd hike out on de stem and see if I couldn't pick up a few pennies. I aint no wedder profit, doe, and didn't know I was going to run into a cyclone."

O Vanity, Vanity! how we all like the salve! I could see Tim beginning to weaken.

"Didn't you put that bug on your arm yourself with acid?" asks Tim.

"You knows I did; what's de use asking?"

"What's your moniker?" asks Tim.



"Dey calls me Mushrat," says the Punk.

"Well, Mushrat, you are well named."

"You ain't hostile toward me, is you?" asks the kid.

"No," says Tim; "you can go; come around here to-morrow night and I will give you a clean skin and a pair of kicks; come between nine and ten."

"You won't turn me up, will you?"

"Of course not."

"All right; I'll be here." And he was gone.

"You're a bird, Tim," said I, with admiration.

"Yes," said Tim, "I am one of those birds that fly up the creek. I believe they call them herons. You have seen them."

"Say, Tim, what was it you promised him?"

"Why," said Tim, "I told him I would give him a clean shirt and a pair of my shoes."

"Great heavens! Tim, your shoes won't fit him. They are four or five sizes too big for him."

"That won't make any difference," said Tim. "I know I have dealt off of my arm so long that I have kidneys in my feet, but never fear. He will make them fit all right. Why," continued Tim, "I have known bums to go from Buffalo to San Francisco for a pair of strides that they knew they could get from someone."

"What?" I asked.



"A pair of pants," said Tim. "Get next."

"Oh!" said I.

Just then in came four young fellows; it was getting late, but I stuck.

"Do you know them?" says I.

"Sure," says Tim.

They were a well-dressed jovial set. Tim took their orders, and then came back to me.

"That slim young fellow is Tom Marshall; he tends bar for Mike Birmingham, in Milwaukee. The good-looking, dark-complected fellow is Harry Rosenburg, also of Milwaukee, one of the best. The little fellow? Oh! that's the scar-face kid—one of the greatest hustlers on earth—he has a saloon and a restaurant at Neenah, Wis., and is making plenty of money. He used to rustle around the corners and he played more faro bank than any one in Chi, outside of Sport Minor and Slim Groves. The fourth one is Sidney C. Heel, a rich man's son. They say that he is worth \$200,000.

"Has he got it, Tim?" I asked.

"Yes," answered Tim; "but he has it in pork."

"How's that, Tim?" I asked.

"Well, his money is tied up in some of those large packing-house plants—Armour's or Swift's. He is but a stockholder; he receives \$15 or \$20 per day income. One time you will see him out



with young Studebaker and that push; the next time he will be out with Rachel, Race-horse Dick, Tom Kerwin or some of that bunch; but he will find this bunch pretty swift."

Just then they all laughed. Mr. Heel was telling an experience and we listened. He was talking about gambling and he said: "I never played faro but once. I played two games. I won one and Pat Sheedy won the other."

"Did you ever play roulette?" they all three asked him at once.

"Only once," said Mr. Heel. "I walked in Brady & Dorgan's, over Dale's drug store, one night and watched the ball spin awhile; I took out a silver dollar from my pocket and placed it on number 35, and—would you *believe* it?—the ball dropped in number 35. The dealer paid it, and I pushed the checks on 23 and the ball dropped in 23. I shoved them all on number 8 and 8 it came. Then I shoved them all on number 17."

Kid Marshall and Rosenberg looked at each other, but said never a word."

"Oh! I didn't care whether I won or lost," continued Mr. Heel; "so I sets the works on number 11. 'Number 11,' says the dealer. Then I bet them on single 0—nothing but single 0. I made one more bet. Shoved them all on double 0. 'Double 0,' says the dealer. I then said to



the dealer, 'Cash them checks.' The dealer puts the checks in the rack and hands me \$28, and I left the place."

"Gesips," says the scar-face.

"Gesipes," says Rosenberg.

"You're it," says Marshall.

"That sticks you for the suppers," they all three exclaimed at once.

"Why, how's that?" asked Mr. Heel.

"Why," rejoins Marshall, "You're a bigger liar than Smithy, the card-writer; there would not be enough money in the city of Chicago to pay your last bet."

Mr. Heel started to get offended, but he saw it was no use, so he picked up the checks and they all started for the cashier's desk.

The checks called for \$9.95 and he laid down a \$10 note and drew five cents change. Rosenberg saw that he was a trifle sore, so he winked at Tim and said to Sidney: "How much did the suppers cost, Sid?"

"They cost \$9.95," answered Sid.

"Why," said Rosenberg, "that's an outrage! I will never come into this place again."

Sidney C. Heel looked at Rosenberg fully five seconds, and then drawled out: "*Not with me, you won't.*"



## CARD 7.

Several days afterwards I received a nice letter from J. Arthur, telling me what a lovely place the village of K——, Wisconsin, was. He also told me that learning the lumber business was dead easy, notwithstanding that he had been out hunting almost every day since his arrival; that he had also caught some fine fish. He stated that Mr. Radford was a hustler and that everything was running smoothly. He said that Mr. Radford was expecting Miss Violet there on a visit almost any day now, and that the next time he wrote he would have more to say.

Scotty's face had healed so that he was presentable again when I received a note from Tim saying that he had seen Red Jack, and that Jack had invited him and his friends to come up to his room and smoke opium with him that evening. Tim stated in his note that he had spoken for a night's lay-off, and that it had been granted. He further stated that he would come up to Scotty's room and get us, and then we would all go over on the West Side and hit the pipe. I informed Scotty, and he said: "Dudley, I will go where you go and do as you do."



While we were talking, Tim rapped on the door and came in. Tim told us when we went over not to say anything, but just saw wood—that we would probably see and hear a great many strange things, but to pay no attention to anything that we happened to see or hear. He said that hop fiends were the most peculiar set of people on earth, but that they were all right after one once understood them. We sat and talked for some little time; had several drinks; then started for the West Side.

We stopped in several places before we reached Red Jack Wilson's rooms. All the way over Tim kept telling us not to say or do anything, but to simply take in everything and look wise. Scotty and I both promised to do this.

When we rapped at the door, we were bade to enter, and the sight which I beheld I shall never forget as long as I live. Lying around the room in two circles were some fifteen or sixteen young fellows between the ages of twenty and thirty—I do not suppose there was one in the room over thirty, unless it was our host, Red Wilson. His age might have been anywhere from thirty-five to forty-five.

Tim introduced us to Red Jack, who, in turn, spoke to the rest, saying: "Mr. Tim Sullivan, whom I guess everyone knows; also, a couple of



his friends from New York—Mr. Dudley Rum Dum and Mr. Scotty Bolen.”

We bowed. Jack invited us to have a drink, but we declined, stating that we had been drinking before we came over. Just then in entered another party of three, so Jack introduced us to the newcomers, and then got a couple of pillows and a tray, a little lamp, a sponge, a couple of long needles, a little tin can containing a black substance that looked very much like thick black molasses; he also brought out the queerest looking pipe one ever beheld. It had a long stem made of bamboo, a round bowl and a little hole in the center of it no larger than a pin head.

Whilst Jack was making preparations for us, I surveyed the others around the sides of the room. Several were lying on pillows, while others were lying on each other's legs; they formed a circle, one being outstretched on the other. They were all well dressed. I noticed one thing in particular—the eyes of one and all appeared glassy. I observed that while one talked, the others kept silent, but that some one kept talking all the time.

The chef, or cook, had the pillow, and he would dip his needle in the can and take out a little of the black gum on it about the size of a pea; hold it over the little lamp until it en-



larged to four or five times its natural size; then he would roll it for a second or so on the palm of his hand and then on the bowl of the pipe; stick it on the bowl, pull it away three or four times, and then warm it a second or so over the lamp; then he would roll it until he would get it as he wished it; then stick it on the bowl of the pipe and hand it to someone, who would draw away at it. He would hold the bowl over the flame of the lamp, and if the stuff caught on fire or clogged up, he would draw it away from the lamp a second, press the substance down with his thumb, punch a hole in it with his needle, then hold it over the lamp again until the smoker had consumed it all.

I noticed that while he was preparing the pill, that after he had once dipped his needle in the can and gotten the amount required on the end of the needle, the pill never got off the needle until he would place it on the bowl; even while he rolled it, it never got off of the needle; it was wonderful the skill he displayed in manipulating the little needle.

The opium had the most delicious odor that I had ever experienced; in fact, the entire room was scented with the fumes.

Jack called us over, told us to take off our coats and vests and to lie down on the floor the same as the others. After we had all gotten



arranged comfortably, Jack spoke up, saying: "Gentlemen of the Yen Sche Gow Club, I suppose you all know our worthy friend, Mr. Tim Sullivan."

They all replied, "Yes."

"Well," continued Jack, "Mr. Sullivan has invited two of his most intimate friends to visit our club—Mr. Dudley Rum Dum and Mr. Scotty Bolen. Mr. Rum Dum is from New York; he is a man of means and through Mr. Sullivan has invited us to help him drink a basket of champagne. I know that there are a number present who do not care for wine, but as Mr. Rum Dum is our invited guest and as everything here is voted on by acclamation, I put you to the vote—yea or nay."

Instantly the answer came, "Yea! Yea!"

"'Tis well," continued Jack. "One nay would have decided it the other way." He glanced at me and I nodded him my thanks. (On the way over I had asked of Tim if we could send out and get something to drink in case we did not care to smoke, and he informed me that Jack could get us anything we desired after we had gotten into the room.) I had slipped \$50 into Tim's hand and repeated my request whilst Jack was getting things ready. The outcome of the matter was that Jack sent one of the boys out



to telephone for the wine and we all lay down to hit the pipe for the first time.

It was a large room and Jack made two circles of eleven each. Jack did the cooking for our party and a man named Davis was the chef for the other ones. One queer thing about the gathering was that while one had the floor and started to talk, everyone else remained silent except when one of the party got up and went out of the room, when they would all commence to roast the one who had just passed out, and my! what a roast that party would get!

As I stated before, we all lay around, one on another's legs, spoon fashion. I laid on a young fellow by the name of Dick Bolliver; he, in turn, on Fred Ballston; Scotty lay on my legs; and so on.

Red Jack had a pillow and started to cook a pill. He dipped his needle in the little tin can; got the required amount of opium; held it over the lamp. As it expanded it looked to me for all the world like old-fashioned yellow molasses candy—that is, while it was cooking and before it got hard.

As Jack rolled the first pill and prepared it I lay where I could get the full benefit of the fumes, and I remarked to Dick Bolliver at the time, "What a delightful aroma!"



Dick replied: "Yes; that aroma has caused many a man and woman to get the bunk habit."

"The bunk habit!" I ejaculated.

"Why certainly," said he; "I know hundreds of people who never smoked a pill in their lives who go to hop joints three, four and six times a week and lie around the stem while the others smoke; and they will lie there five or six hours until their habit wears off."

I looked incredulous.

"That's right," spoke up Jack and several others.

I found out that Dick Bolliver was a board-of-trade operator and a man who handled thousands of dollars every day. I also found out that Dick was quite a good single-handed liar.

Just then a colored boy came with the wine. Jack ordered him to put it on ice and then sent him back for two quarts of whisky.

Dick, having the floor, resumed, addressing his conversation to me: "I suppose, Mr. Rum Dum, you never heard tell of the great horned Kodo of China?"

"No," I answered.

"Well," continued Dick, "I am not surprised, as very few people ever did outside of opium-smokers; and for the sake of yourself and Mr. Bolen—you both being strangers—I will relate what I know of the great horned Kodo."



*The Story of the Great Horned Kodo.*

"During the reign of his most exalted majesty Yu Sep Gee, in the fore part of the fifteenth century, Whang Swe was the most important city in China, it being the capital and also where his majesty held court. It was, furthermore, the most beautiful city in the kingdom. Yu Sep Gee was, as everyone knows, the most enlightened monarch who ever ruled the kingdom. He was so far advanced that he held court and passed sentence on all criminals.

"At the time I mention, Whang Swe and all its inhabitants were in a state of terror. Thirty years prior, the great horned Kodo had visited the place, and over thirty thousand had fallen victims to it. The Kodo was a monster that came from the mountains of Thibet. It was part bird, part beast, and also amphibious, as it could fly, swim, or walk. It had a horn on its snout, wings over thirty feet wide and twelve legs. It always appeared after a storm, and it would remain for twenty or thirty days. Its touch was certain death. It had one large green eye, as large as a wash-tub. If it touched any plant, that plant would wither and die. The natives all knew when it was approaching, as it made a peculiar noise. Upon hearing this noise, the natives would hide themselves, sometimes for as long as thirty



days. Of course, they were brave men who would not hide, especially if they were filled up on rice wine; but all who had remained out in the open while the Kodo was around were always found dead afterwards.

"Well, at this time there was a very strict law against the use of opium, and whilst there were hundreds of the upper class who used it, still its use was considered a disgrace. Besides, there was a heavy penalty imposed on anyone caught either using it or having it in his or her possession; and only one man, Hip Lee, would take chances. He had a big cave in the mountains that had five or six private entrances, and any who desired to smoke could do so, provided they cared to take the chances which they would necessarily run.

"A report had come in to the Emperor that a number of his best subjects were smoking opium. He therefore ordered his chief mandarin to ascertain where the cave was located and to arrest everyone whom he found there and bring them before him, as he intended to break up the use of opium in his kingdom, once and for all.

"Well, amongst the mandarin's vassals there was one named Ah Yet. Now Ah Yet was a smoker himself, but he agreed to lead the man-



darin to the cave in case he paid him thirty pieces of silver and granted him immunity.

"Well, the raid was successful, and over sixty persons were arrested and thrown into dungeons. After they had been imprisoned over thirty days, awaiting a hearing, the Kodo scare came up. Hip Lee knew that if he ever went to trial, he stood not the ghost of a show, for whenever the Emperor sentenced one person, the sentence applied to his whole family and all his relatives; for instance, if Hip Lee got a sentence of five years, it meant that himself and every relative he possessed on earth would have to serve five years. So Hip Lee, having some silver, bribed one of his keepers to tell one of the mandarins that if the Emperor would agree to release him and those arrested with him, he (Hip Lee) would agree to get rid of the great horned Kodo; that in case he failed to do so, *his* head and the head of *each* of his relatives should be forfeited.

"The Emperor was at that stage where he had no alternative; he would take any chance to get rid of this great monster; so he agreed. Hip Lee called all of the prisoners together and explained the condition of their release. They all agreed to co-operate, and were accordingly released. Hip Lee at once repaired to his cave, followed by all the rest of his party. They entered the cave by one of the secret entrances,



when, lo! there, in front of the main entrance of the cave, lay the object of their search—the great horned Kodo—fast asleep.

“There being sixty persons in Hip Lee’s party, he got ten lay-outs and instructed his followers what to do. He appointed ten cooks, and they all lay down in front of the entrance and began to smoke and blow the smoke out of the entrance, so that the Kodo could inhale the fumes. In a short time, the Kodo began to stretch. A few minutes more and the sweet water commenced to run out of his eye, then he stretched some more; again and again did he repeat this. He started to get up, but lay down again. He rolled over on his back in an ecstasy of delight; stretched once more; his big green eye popped out of his head; he gave one more mighty stretch, when his head became loosened from his body and the giant form was seen to collapse, and in a few minutes the horrible monster that had terrified the country for years was dead.

“As soon as the head had fallen from the body, Hip Lee knew that his work had not been in vain. He informed his friends that the monster was dead, but they would not believe him until he went outside and brought the head in to bear out his statement.



"As he laid the head down Hip Lee said one word—'*Rubber*'; hence the expression *rubber neck*."

We all glanced at Dick, but no one spoke. The negro started to serve the wine, and we all took a drink. Tucker, one of the members, got up, and, with the remark, "Excuse me," took his departure.

After Tucker had left, I got my first insight of a hop fiend's social circle.



## CARD 18.

"There goes as big a stiff as ever lived," spoke up Fred Ballston as soon as Tucker had left. Now Tucker had impressed me as being very much of a gentleman, as he had had nothing to say all the time I had been in the room.

"He's a lob," spoke up another.

"Always under cover," spoke up another.

"You guys don't know anything about him," spoke up a fourth, named Jeune. "Let me tell you how that mutt treated me once in St. Paul. You all know me, and you all know that I am a pretty good fellow. Well, this dub has puffed with me a half-dozen times, and not only that, but I have, on numerous occasions, given him money with which to get his laundry out, and all that sort of thing.

"Well, I lands in St. Paul last summer C. O. D.—didn't have a sou; and the first person I meets was this Gee, Tucker. Well, we shook hands. He was all ablaze. He had on a swell tog and a couple of rocks. He had a bunch of scratch that would choke a dog.

"We had several drinks, and he asked me how I was fixed. I told him that I was all in,



and what do you think? He had the nerve to hand me a dirty old twenty-dollar note, me not expecting him to peel off less than a hundred, and then he starts in to hand me that old stall that he was off of the stem—had taken the cure, but that he would introduce me to a friend of his named McDonald; that I could go up to his room and smoke off my habit. So we both go up to McDonald's room. On the way up there Tucker stops in a Chink's and buys a dollar card of hop, and as soon as he raps to McDonald and Mac gets out his layout, Tucker starts in and cops four big pills as large as your thumb-nail, before either I or McDonald gets framed up. McDonald don't even have the suey poi damp.

"Now what do you think of that?"

"Oh!" says Tim Sullivan, "he is a rat."

"Do you know him, Tim?" says I.

"No," says that worthy; "but that is not necessary as long as he is outside of the room."

"And," said I, "I suppose I should have jumped in and roasted him, too."

"Oh!" says Tim, "that would have been all right."

Just then a party came to the door and asked for Frank Stetson. Stetson stepped outside the door to see what was wanted. He was



back in a minute, before anyone had a chance to turn him over on the coals.

He spoke to Jack and said: "A party just tells me my wife is sick, so I guess I will have to go up and see what the trouble is; but, as I live only a block from here, I will be back inside of ten or fifteen minutes."

Three or four of the boys spoke up and said: "Be sure and come back, as we shall all expect you."

"Oh!" said he, "don't worry; I will come back." And as he picked up his hat and went out at the door he remarked: "Let me down light."

As the door closed Ballston said: "Yes, let him down light—Stetson is the most miserable man on earth. I am willing to bet my life he never spoke a good word for anyone he ever knew in his life."

"Well," spoke up a young fellow by the name of Carleton, "I will bet that he will say that I am a good fellow, for, as you all know, only last month he got pinched and fined \$50. Well, I had some money, and I not only paid his fine, but I also gave him money with which to pay his house-rent, got his overcoat out of soak and gave him \$20 cash. I have never asked him for a cent of it back, because I know he has not had the money to repay me."



"Well," says Ballston, "you know that Gordon setter of mine—the one I got from Gainey. Well, I paid \$150 for it, and it is as fine a bird-dog as any one has. His pedigree is as long as a chorus-girl's dream.

"Well, I asked him what he thought of it the other day when he was up to my house, and I told him what I had paid for it. He only glanced at the dog and observed, 'He is no good—he is a dirty old cur.' Couldn't even speak a good word for my dog."

"Well," said Carleton, "I will bet a can of hop that if anyone asks him what kind of a fellow I am, that he will say that I am a good fellow."

"All right," said Ballston; "you are on, but it is like stealing your coin. When he comes back, you stall out of the room for a few minutes and one of us will ask him what kind of a fellow you are, and if he says you are a good fellow, you win; if he don't, you lose."

"All right, it's a bet—the club to decide."

Just then Stetson came back.

"Well," spoke up Jack, "anything serious with your wife?"

"No," said Stetson; "only the toothache, and at that I think she was only stalling."

"Well," spoke up Carleton, "I guess I will go across the street and get some fruit. I will



be back in a few minutes." And he got up and passed out.

After he had taken his departure, there was a deadly silence for about ten seconds.

Then Fred Ballston spoke up to Stetson, saying: "There's a Gee I hardly know how to take. What kind of a man is he, Stetson?"

Frank Stetson rubbed his nose and stretched a second before answering: "Well, Fred, I don't know anything about him, but he has a brother that is the biggest stiff that ever lived." And that was as near as Stetson could come to speaking a good word for anyone.

Carleton came back and Ballston said: "You blowed—you owe one can of hop to the club."

Carleton said nothing, but handed Red Jack \$6.50. He would not ask for details, as he knew he must have lost; so he lay down with us, away from Stetson, and I started the ball a-rolling by asking Jack: "Why do you call your club the Yen Sche Gow Club?"

"Well," replied Jack, "Yen Sche Gow discovered the poppy plant. I suppose you never heard how the poppy plant was discovered. If everyone will give me his undivided attention, I will relate how opium was discovered."

Everything became quiet and Red Jack started his story.



*The Story of the Poppy Plant.*

“Well,” began Jack, “in the year 1496, four years after Christopher Columbus discovered America, a Chinese Buddhist priest presented himself at the palace of Sing Lee, the Emperor of China, and craved an audience. He was of a venerable appearance and carried a small hand-bag. He claimed to be a great traveler, so Sing Lee granted him a hearing. He started in to tell the ruler that he had just returned from America, that he had made the voyage four years previously with Columbus, and began relating the wonders which he had seen. He informed the ruler that he was of noble birth, and that his ancestors had founded the Buddhist religion, and that he was one of the mighty four that had the privilege of entering or leaving the sacred White City of Lhasa. He went on to state that the world in general believed that no person ever left the White City, but that every twenty years the mighty four left in different directions to seek knowledge, and that they traveled all over the world. In support of what he said, he opened his bag and drew forth a lump of anthracite coal as large as one’s fist and handed it to the Emperor; also a large piece of glass and an Indian bow and arrow that he said came from the wilds of



Indiana. The ruler was delighted with the presents; he drew from his bag a bamboo pipe, lamp and complete lay-out, and informed his majesty that he had only stayed in America a few months; then he longed to return. He had accordingly gathered a number of people together and they built a ship and set sail for China. Yen Sche Gow was a great navigator, also a great magician, so he took charge of the ship and landed it on the coast of China within one hundred miles of Bot Gee—then the capital of China. He delivered a speech to his men, and requested them to leave the ship and accompany him overland to Bot Gee, the capital. The men rebelled and left him to himself, and he started a-foot to seek the ruler.

“The first night he built a fire and started to cook something to eat. The only kind of fuel which he could obtain was some small bushes, and when he piled them on, he noticed the delightful odor they emitted. He therefore analyzed them, and the result was about a quart of opium. Then he started to make a pipe, and before he left that spot he had an opium pipe and lay-out—not as complete a one as we have; still he obtained the same effects as we get. He asked the Emperor if he cared to puff, and the ruler replied that he would try it; so they repaired to the Emperor’s private cham-



bers and Yen Sche Gow initiated the Emperor into all the delights of smoking opium.

"The Emperor became very much enraptured and was so badly carried away with Yen Sche Gow that he tendered him the throne. The love was mutual. Yen Sche Gow was so overcome by the Emperor's generosity that he picked up a tray and sword, and unsheathing the sword, he drew it and severed his own head and, placing it on the tray, handed it to the Emperor. Of course the Emperor would not accept it, and made Yen Sche Gow put the head back on his shoulders.

"Now, when the Emperor handed Yen Sche Gow the head back, he accidentally turned it around, and Yen Sche Gow clapped it on wrong side to, so that the head faced the back. Now, Yen Sche Gow was a great magician, but he was not able to cut his head off the second time and replace it, so he had to leave it the way it now was.

"The Emperor was very much overcome by the incident and tried to make amends, but could do nothing to better the situation. Yen Sche Gow got along all right, but everything that he did he had to do backwards. To show his people how great his regard was for Yen Sche Gow, the Emperor issued a decree that all his subjects should do everything backwards.



"For instance, if they started to read a book, they must begin at the end and read to the beginning, or, in other words, to start at omega and finish at alpha; that is the reason the Chinese plays always begin at the end and wind up at the beginning. If a Chinaman builds a house, he starts at the top and builds downward. In fact, a Chinese always does things just the reverse to what we do, and that is the way hop was discovered."

Everyone in the room was silent for fully thirty seconds, when I asked Scotty what he thought of the story.

Scotty did not hesitate a second, but blurted out: "I think it is an unmitigated lie."

"What!" exclaimed everyone in the room.

"Yes," continued Scotty; "how could a mon cut off his own head and then put it back on his shoulders?"

"But," said Red Jack, "this happened over four hundred years ago."

"I don't care if it happened eight hundred years ago; I don't believe it."

"Gentlemen," says Jack, "Mr. Bolen is a stranger to our club and rules, but, of course, we can not tolerate an unbeliever; as you know, we have abandoned the Kangaroo Court, so we will try Mr. Bolen by acclamation. Is he guilty? yea or nay."



"Yea! Yea!" came back the reply.

"Mr. Bolen, stand up and receive sentence."

Scotty stood up, looking a trifle scared.

"Mr. Bolen," said Red Jack, "you have broken one of our most sacred rules, and because you know nothing regarding our rules I can not excuse you. Therefore I shall have to pass sentence, you to pay a fine of fifty cents; may the Lord have mercy on your poor soul."

Scotty looked relieved, and said to me: "I will pay the fine willingly, but I would not believe that story if I got fined a dollar."

After Scotty had paid his fine, the séance broke up and we all bade one another good-night. Scotty, Tim and I left together.

We were all standing on a street-corner, waiting for a car, when Tim remarked: "Wait here a minute; I forgot my overcoat. It won't take me a second to run back to the room and get it."

So Scotty and I stood on the corner to await his return. Presently Carleton, Ballston and Dick Bolliver came up and we all began to chat. Just then Tim came back with his coat on his arm.

"Perhaps you think that Red Jack is not a beaut," exclaimed Tim.

"Why, what's the matter with him?" we all asked.



"Oh! nothing," replied Tim; "only when I went back for my coat, I heard someone talking in Jack's room, and of course I stopped to listen, as I was under the impression that we all had left there but Red Jack. Jack was roasting the life out of all of us—me in particular."

I spoke up, asking, "To whom was he roasting us, anyway?"

"Why," said Tim, "there was no one left in the room but the chairs, so he was telling the furniture what a lot of stiffs we were. What do you think of that?"

"Well," said Dick, "here comes a car for the South Side." They all caught the car and went to their different homes, we accompanying Scotty to his stopping place. Then Tim and I repaired to the Turkish bath-rooms and put in the night there.



## CARD 9.

The next day Scotty left Chicago to visit his sister, who lived up in Michigan. I accompanied him to the depot and then I went back to the Richelieu, where I found a message awaiting me from J. Arthur, stating that he, Violet and Mr. Radford would be in Chicago on the 2:15 p. m. train. I just barely had time to get over to the depot to meet them.

As they alighted from the train J. Arthur grabbed me by the hand and exclaimed: "Allow me to present you to Mrs. Doughnut."

Violet was blushing and Mr. Radford was all smiles.

"Well," said I, "accept my congratulations; but I think you should have wired me, so that I could have been present and stood up with you, J. Arthur."

"Well," said J. Arthur, "yesterday morning we neither one of us had any intention of getting married, but I proposed that all three of us come to Chicago, and when we got to Milwaukee, we had to lay there a couple of hours, and it was then that I proposed to Violet and was accepted. I insisted that the marriage



take place at once, so I secured a license and hunted up a minister and we had a plain ring ceremony, with Mr. Radford and the minister's sister as witnesses, and there you are."

"Well," said I, "of course, if that is the case, it is all right."

We secured a carriage and were taken to Violet's home, where she broke the joyful tidings to her mother and brother.

Mr. Radford called me into an ante-room and informed me that everything was running smoothly; that he had \$60,000 surplus money, and that his mill was running at its full capacity; that he had all the cars he needed, and that he had an option on ten thousand acres of good pine land down in Louisiana. He further stated that he could buy this land for \$5 per acre, and that inside of five years it would be worth \$30 per acre, and inquired of me what I thought he had better do. I told him to do as he saw fit. I also told him that the money which I had advanced J. Arthur I intended making the bridal couple a wedding-present of; that I was possessed of more money than I could ever spend myself. Mr. Radford told me that he would go to Louisiana and buy the timber while he could get it; that J. Arthur and Violet could accompany him, and then they could go from there over to Havana on a wedding-tour. I



assented to all Mr. Radford proposed. Both Mr. Radford and J. Arthur were desirous of getting away at once, so I rang for a cab, and as soon as it arrived J. Arthur and I entered and were driven to the Richelieu. After some little talk, we went to a lawyer's and I turned the papers over to J. Arthur. He was very much impressed by my action, and was loath to accept, but I finally prevailed. The next day the trio left for Louisiana. Violet's brother, Mrs. Ethridge and myself saw them off. After they had taken their departure, I bade the folks adieu and went to my room, and to say that I had a touch of the blues would be putting it mild. Here I was; J. Arthur had gone, Scotty had gone, and no one was left.

Did I say "no one"? Oh, yes; I forgot. I still had Tim—dear old Tim! I thought as much of Tim as of anyone I had ever met. There was but one thing against Tim, and that was the thought that he might be lying to me every now and then—one thing which I never could stand for. When I caught a person telling me a deliberate lie, my respect for that party vanished at once.

Well, I went to Hooley's, and after the show I strolled over to Tim's. There were no customers in the place when I arrived there, so I says to him: "Say, Tim, why do they call beat-



ing a faro bank 'twisting the tiger's tail'? They surely don't mean that there is a tiger about the place, do they?"

"No," answered Tim; "but I will tell you something that happened one night at 119 South Clark Street, Condon & Dahl's place—you know where it is," says Tim. "Well, every Saturday night, when the big crowd had arrived, there would be a sign put up which read: '*American Hyronomous; Upstairs.*'"

"Did you ever see it, Tim?"

"No; I never got any further than the stud or faro table. I generally played stud, because my money would last longer, and as long as I got a good long play for my money, I was satisfied. *It must have been a terrible monster, though.*

"As I was saying, one Saturday night, or rather, early Sunday morning, there had been a large crowd on both floors all night; we were busy playing poker, when all of a sudden we heard the greatest commotion—chairs were being overturned, checks were falling all over the floor in the confusion, and the greatest uproar prevailed that I had ever witnessed. Policy Bob came running down the stairs.

"'What's the matter, Bob?' we all asked.

"'Don't anyone go upstairs,' he said; 'the hyronomous just got out of his cage. He ate



up three or four boosters, chewed up all the checks and then swallowed the case-keeper.'

"Well, Dutch Jake, the manager, and Fred Hoyle and Bert Harris all ran upstairs and managed to get the beast subdued in some way."

"Is that the truth, Tim?"

"*Certainly.*"

(The old doubt was still working.) Tim *must* be telling the truth.

"Ask anyone," says Tim, "and they will tell you the same."

"I believe you, Tim."

"I expect there are a good many grafters that wish they could afford to carry a hyronomous around with them, so as to keep the heel boosters from going South."

"I see in the morning paper that Harriman has assumed control of the Union Pacific. Smart man, that Harriman," said I.

"Certainly is," rejoined Tim. "So is George Gould, Jacob Shiff and many others. A man has to be smart to hold his money nowadays. It does not take very many bloomers to put a man on the hog. Take the case of David Mackey, of Evansville, Ind., president of the E. & T. H. Railroad. He owned the greater part of the E. & T. H. Railroad. He also owned a large mercantile house, hotel, several coal mines, and was interested in half a dozen other large



enterprises. He got tangled up in a couple of jack pots and went *bump*—got completely cleaned out; was left without a dollar on earth and had to go to work keeping books, or some such employment, in some town over in the gas belt in Indiana, at \$60 per month. It is said of him that he did not know one of his own conductors on his own road, personally. That's bad if it is so," continued Tim. "I claim that no matter how much money a man may become possessed of, he ought to make it a point to become acquainted with as many of his employees as possible. By this I do not mean that they should smoke the same pipe. Why, all those persons to which I alluded are minnows."

"So?" says I.

"Yes, all pan fish," says Tim. "Old J. J. Hill, of the Great Northern, has forgotten more about finances than all the rest of the bunch ever knew. Why," continued Tim, waxing up, "you could take old J. J. Hill to-morrow, broke, let him go to work on the section, and inside of three weeks he would be section boss; three months' time and he would be road-master; when a year had elapsed he would be superintendent, and by the time five years had rolled around you would find him *president*. That man is what I call a hustler. I have seen per-



sons roast the life out of him one minute and champion him the next. Old Jim makes every engine he's possessed of earn its full capacity; every piece of track, every box-car, must do its part. He improves his property as he can afford it, not at the expense of the stockholders. Why, do you suppose that if J. J. had been president of the C., B. & Q. Railroad there would have been any nineteen million strike? No. A thousand times, No. Yet a great many persons speak of nineteen million as if it were but thirty cents. But," resumes Tim, "nineteen million is a big sum of money. If you don't think it is, go out and try to borrow it. No; no. Jim would have patched it up in some way or another. Now, Billy, don't think that I mean J. J. Hill is easy, for he is far from it; he is as hard-headed as flint, but if his men can show him a point and there is any shade, they will get it.

"I remember that once the men had some grievance and they were about to declare a strike. Jim thought that they were wrong and took the matter in his own hands. He generally let Mr. Ward, the vice-president, attend to strike matters, but, as I said before, this time he was worked up. He inserted advertisements in the Chicago and in the St. Louis dailies which read like this:



“‘WANTED.—Fifty brave men to guard railroad property; must be brave; wages \$5 per day. Call at Room 309 Great Northern Building, St. Paul, Minn., April 11th, at 10 o’clock a. m.’

“Well, at the appointed time Mr. Hill stepped into the room. There were over fifty men in answer to the ad, and they were beauts—very much so; some had bum lamps, some had flat wheels, some had ugly scars on their faces, a few had an ear missing, while both orbs were minus from one or two. In fact, there was not one man in the whole fifty that did not look like a scarred veteran.

“Mr. Hill sized them up and spoke thusly: ‘Gentlemen, I think you must have misunderstood my advertisement. I advertised for *brave* men.’

“‘Well,’ spoke up one, ‘I guess we’re as brave as you can find.’

“Mr. Hill shook his head and slowly replied: ‘No, no; you men won’t do a-tall; not a-tall.’

“Then he spoke up suddenly: ‘Go bring me the boys who did this to you fellows—they are the boys I wish.’

“Then he strode out of the door; went to Mr. Ward and told him to adjust the differences to suit himself.”

Just then a little dried-up Irishman came into the place. He was rather tipsy; he had a



white fish protruding from his coat pocket. It had a string around it and a piece of paper about half as large as a paper dollar attached to the string. I supposed that he had purchased it in the fore part of the evening to take home, but had stopped at so many saloons to get one more drink, and had laid it down on the bar in the pools of beer so many times that the paper had become wet, and that he must have finally become tired of picking the package up and laying it down so many times that he had stuffed it in his pocket. It was covered with dirt and sawdust.

He started to tell Tim about being over to the house of David, and that someone had placed "dy-a-mite" in his pipe.

He says to Tim: "I want something to ate."

"Well," rejoins Tim, "discard before you draw."

"Ah!" snaps the little Irishman, "I have money, if that's what you mane."

"Well," says Tim, "how would you like some nice roast ham?"

"Jabbers! no," says he. "I've had nothing but ham and corn beef and cabbage to ate for the last three months."

"Well," continues Tim, "how would you like some nice boneless liver?"

"No," says the chaw; "I want some chicken."



"What!" says Tim, "you little dried-up, antiquated, fossilized, deodorized package of aches and pains—to the tall timbers with you. Avaunt!"

The Turk started for the door, *muttering*, "You think because a man works for a living that his money ain't as good as anyone else's."

"If I had fed him," remarks Tim, "he would have stuck here all night and driven a number of good customers away."

"You are it, Tim, in throwing the scare. Did you see the fish" I continued, "protruding from his pocket?"

"Yes," said Tim. "I never told you about going out fishing for mountain trout in Colorado, did I, Dud?"

"No," I replied.

"Well, I was out in Cripple Creek during the boom, and a number of us fellows made up a party to go out for trout. Tom Rich got a big wagon and loaded in several cases of beer and a good supply of whisky, and we all piled in. There was quite a bunch of us. Among the number were Cheese Head Sam, Fifteen Two, Step and a Half, and Alabam, Jack McCloud, Billy Brooks, Link Marsh, Tom Larimore, G. Y. Gray, Billy Rothwell or Young Corbett and myself.



"Corbett was sparring around Cripple Creek with anyone who came along. About the only one near his size was Dago Mike. Any time that Corbett sparred with Reddy Coogan or Davey Wray or any of the rest around there, he had to give away from fifteen to twenty pounds, but he took them all on. I remarked to him at the time that someday he would be the champion of the world, but he only laughed and spat at a crack in the floor.

"Well, as I said, we all started out to fish, but before we reached the creek, everyone of the push was drunk except young Rothwell and myself. We went out to *fish*, not to *drink*. So we took our poles, lines and bait and started toward the creek.

"Well, I caught five or six nice trout when I came to a canyon that looked very enticing. I always was a fiend to prospect, and was always picking up float, so I laid my pole down and started up the canyon. I gathered some nice specimens and was so much interested in my employment that I paid no attention to my surroundings. Suddenly I heard a great noise behind me and glanced back. *Believe* me or not, Dudley, there were three monster grizzly bears, each weighing from nine to twelve hundred pounds, coming directly toward me. I tell you I made great haste to get out of that canyon.



I ran fully a mile before I reached the end, when, goodness gracious! what do you think? Nothing but a blind canyon in front of me, on one side of which immense cliffs towered fully five thousand feet; on the opposite side a yawning chasm, a mile to the bottom! The bears behind me and nothing, not so much as a penknife, with which to defend myself. What a predicament!

"Dudley, have a cigar."

"No," says I. "How did you get out of it?"

"Say, Dudley, we have some swell Spanish stew; let me bring in two orders for you and I."

"No, no," says I; "I don't want anything to eat. All I wish to know is how you got away from those bears."

Tim looked foolish, hummed and hawed, and then blatted out: "Well, Dudley, I never got away; the bears ate me up."

"At last! at last!" says I.

I had finally caught Tim in a lie; not a mistake, but an eighteen-carat lie. I gave Tim one look and fled.



## CARD 10.

It has been over a year since I have been in Chicago. After catching Tim in that bare-faced lie, I went to my room and packed my belongings, and the next day saw me on my journey back to New York, and I decided to stay there. But here I find myself back again in Chicago, and all on account of a telegram which I received from J. Arthur, telling me to come at once; so I could not do otherwise than come.

My arrival in Chicago was the day following the one on which the Derby was run. The old feeling came over me—I would go and hunt Tim up. I went to the old spot—the restaurant was gone; I dropped in several places and ordered coffee. I inquired of the waiters if they were acquainted with Tim Sullivan; none of them knew him. It seemed as if there had been a strike in all the establishments and the “hashers” had all been brought from other towns. The more difficult it became to find his whereabouts, the more anxious I became to find him. I walked up one street and down another. Everything was strange and new. I started for the north



end of Clark Street; came to a saloon between Madison and Washington streets; stopped in front of a sign which read: "Humphrey & Dailey." Surely I had heard those names before—then I remembered that Tim had introduced them to me one night in a restaurant. I stepped inside; there was quite a crowd in the place and amongst them the first person whom I saw was Tim Sullivan sitting at one of the tables, with his head all bandaged. I walked up to him and stuck out my hand—he knew me at a glance. I invited the house to have a drink, which was accepted by one and all. Tim and I took our drinks and sat down at one of the tables to talk.

"How have they been coming with you, Tim?" I asked.

"Oh!" says Tim, "I have a tale of woe as long as a chorus-girl's dream."

"But the head?" I observed.

"Oh!" says he, "I'll tell you all about that. I've had nothing but hard luck for a year; I couldn't even win a bet for another man. About a month ago, I dropped in to Humphrey's room. There was a gang of boys playing whist for two and a half a corner. Humphrey and Jimmy Blake were partners; Bull Harrington and McCaffrey were their opponents. Humphrey is a fine whist-player; he can keep track of the cards down to the trays, and he can also see a bad



play before it is made. I revoked on him once with two cards in my hand, wherefore he was not very badly stuck on my whist-playing. There were only the four in the room when I dropped in. The score was 6 to 0 in favor of Humphrey and Blake, when some girl came to the door and asked for Blake. Blake says: 'Play my hand, Tim; we are six to nothing; don't let them jink; try and hold them to the odd.' Humphrey had the very strongest of rules, one of which was, if anyone exposed his hand, he forfeited the game. I shuffled and dealt the cards, turned up the five of spades, picked up my hand, and—believe me or not—I had all the thirteen trumps. 'Ha, ha!' said I to myself; 'I'll show Mr. Humphrey that I can play whist as good as anyone on earth.'

"Harrington led off with the king of hearts; Humphrey put on the ace; McCaffrey, the four of diamonds; I looked wise and put on the nine of spades.

"Humphrey gave me one look and yelled: 'What kind of whist-playing do you call that?'—threw his hand out the window, and we lose the game."

"That was pretty tough," I remarked; and I ordered another round of drinks.

"But your head, Tim; your head?" I insisted.

"I'm coming to that," says Tim. "After the



whist game, I made up my mind not to gamble any more at anything. But the old feeling came over me yesterday—Derby Day, you know—and I had been saving up my money for a month; I had \$40 saved and I wanted to play something, but could not make up my mind which horse to play. I went to bed the night before the Derby and had a dream. I dreamed that I was on top of a high building and fell off of it right a-straddle of a picket fence.

“It was eleven o’clock when I awoke. The dream was so vivid that when I got dressed, I says, ‘I’ve got the winner—the Picket.’ I started down stairs; the minute that I reached the front yard, I noticed two pickets missing from the fence. ‘Another *hunch*,’ says I. I walked less than a block when my attention was attracted by four or five little boys playing shinny—and I hope to die if they weren’t playing with pickets—it was too strong a *hunch* for me. I went back to the house, got my suit-case, put my dress suit in it—the one I always wear when I serve banquets—took my watch and everything that I could get a dollar on, and took them over to Weber’s hock shop. I was acquainted with Weber, so he let me have \$35; that, with the \$40 I had, made \$75; and I intended to bet it all, every cent, straight. That *hunch* is good



enough for anyone; I think that Louis Young would even stand a tout on it.

"I started over to State Street to catch a car for Washington Park; I stopped on the corner of Harrison and State streets and I very nearly fell dead when I saw a drunken Gee standing alongside of me with a bunch of pickets on his shoulder; he stood right at my side. I looked for a car; one was coming; someone yelled, 'Hello, Bill!' I turned to see who it was. The drunken guy turned at the same time and hit me a wollop on the side of the head with that bunch of pickets and I went down and out. They carried me inside of a drug store and worked on me for two or three hours before I came around. When I finally did come to, I went outside and caught a car. Louis Young was on the car and I told him all.

"He said: 'I'm afraid we are too late. I have just gotten back to town—have been over to St. Joe, Michigan; but if we get out in time, I'll bet a couple of hundred on the Picket, and if he wins in, I'll split the winning with you.'

"'All right,' says I; 'he will win a city block.'

"He paid the car-fare; he also had with him a couple of tickets which he had gotten from someone when he got off of the train. He gave me one of the tickets.



“Well, we finally got out to the track—and what a crowd there was! By the time we got to the betting-ring, the American Derby had been run, and, as everyone knows, the Picket won easily. I almost cried. ‘But,’ says I, ‘maybe I can beat the next race. I will bet the \$40 anyhow.’

“I fanned myself, but my bunch of scratch was gone—I did not have a cent. Someone had touched me while I lay senseless.

“I looked around for someone from whom I could get car-fare, but—believe me or not—out of seventy thousand people there, not one could I find whom I knew, so I had to walk home.”

“Tim,” says I, “they might tie you, but they can’t beat you. Here’s a century note; go and play clothes, straight; meal ticket, a place; and room rent, to show.”

Then we fell on each other’s neck and wept.

*Finis.*







# LONG DRAWS

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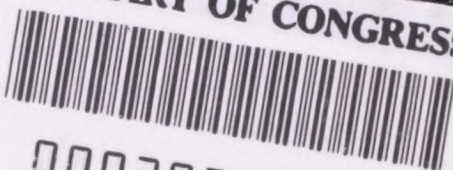








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